FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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GRAND EXPOSURE

OF THE

CEREMONIES

OF THE

SONS OF MALTA,

BY AN

EYE WITNESS.

Our exposure of this celebrated and notorious Order has created a terrible fluttering among the Brethren. As we warned our readers in our last, the accuracy of our matter and our illustrations is denied in many quarters with well simulated indignation and derision. We expected this and do not complain. The strenuous efforts made to discredit our matter afford the strongest evidence of the perfect truthfulness of our written and illustrated exposé. Some of the Brethren will say, with truth, that they have never seen the scenes which we have described; but the methods of Initiation differ in the various Lodges throughout the country. In the wealthier Lodges no expense is spared; the machinery and paraphernalia are of the most perfect and splendid description, and the utmost cunning and ingenuity are brought to bear upon the various stages of Initiation, while in the poorer Lodges the ceremonies are much less imposing, and the "sold" victim is not "put through" such scientific and abominable ordeals.

SONS OF MALTA—LUDICROUS PROBATION OF THE CANDIDATE—"CAN YOU SWIM?"—SEE HOW HE STRIKES OUT.

We have received many communications in reference to our exposure, nearly all indorsing our action, and testifying to our truthfulness. We quote one which has this moment come to hand:

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Feb. 7, 1860.

MR. EDITOR,—Your exposé of the hidden mysteries of the Sons of Malta, although almost too ridiculous to believe, are nevertheless true in every particular, and it is hopeful that the credulous public may be benefited by the same. Your humble correspondent can vouch for its correctness, being initiated in all the mysteries of the order, and therefore speaks what he knows to be correct.

SAMUEL W. MILLIGAN.

We have been honored by half a column of misrepresentation and vulgar abuse in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, which is a very small and not too legible a sheet, but which is large enough and plain enough to utter and defend, we presume knowingly, a shameless falsehood. The whole article bears upon its face the fact that its editors have been "sold"—sold for the small sum of five dollars, and feel compelled to defend the "sell" and assert the *decency* of the Order, while they know that *indecency* is its foundation, its end and aim. They know that the practices in the Lodges are subversive of the principles of morality—that they tend to degrade the sentiment of respect and honor to woman—that a young man entering there leaves it debased, with a taint of pollution, but also with a satisfaction that criminal acts *which he thought bad enough to conceal in his own heart*, were known to others (by

SONS OF MALTA—CANDIDATE BEFORE THE AWFUL "COUNCIL OF TEN," ANSWERING SEARCHING AND IMPORTANT QUESTIONS RELATIVE TO HIS PRIVATE LIFE, AT THE SWORD'S POINT TO HIS BREAST.

VOLUME TIGHTLY BOUND

his compelled confession in a crowded Lodge, extorted either by shame or fear) and *approved* of, nay, were the very qualifications which rendered him eligible for membership.

If the editors of the Pittsburg *Daily Dispatch* are Sons of Malta, they know what we have just stated to be the simple and unvarnished truth, and we leave their shameless defence of such practices to the judgment of their readers. If they know nothing of the matter but by hearsay, let them leave the task of a defence to those who are members, and who will have the courage to avow the fact in the face of what we state, although we dare not publish the full particulars of their indecent orgies. We show only the enormous absurdities of their sham ceremonies; we take them from the ridiculous point of view—the only point (as far as we dare show) from which they could be viewed by a sensible, earnest man.

But there is a graver side to the question which we are unable to even state, much less argue, which will, we trust, be settled by the ridicule which we shall heap upon the monstrous tomfoolery of the Order, expunging it with its malicious inanities, impieties and obscenities from the face of society, upon which it is a corrupt and fœtid fungus.

It is true that the Order of the Sons of Malta have given much money away for charitable purposes. Verily, they should possess much charity to cover the greatness of their sins. This fact is, however, no extenuation of their acts. What charitable society would receive the wages of the wretched prostitute? Who would knowingly receive alms out of money gained by false pretences? Such charity can only be used as a blind—serving the devil in the disguise of an angel.

Various surmises have been made as to who our informant is. Several persons have been named, but the authorship will for ever remain a secret, entrusted to us as a sacred confidence, never to be betrayed. Those gentlemen whose names have as yet been indicated are entirely innocent in the matter, and we feel bound to exonerate them from the charge.

We draw our information from other sources, all thoroughly and entirely reliable; and we are fully prepared, if called upon, to substantiate all that we have published or shall publish, both as regards the literary matter and the scenes and incidents illustrated. Neither owe anything to the imagination; they are literal transcripts of facts, the only imaginative portion of our illustrations being the figures, which we do not put forward as *portraits*.

We again pledge ourselves to the literal truthfulness of all we have published or shall publish in our exposure of the bogus Order of the Sons of Malta.

(*Continued on page* 186.)

NOTICE.

We have removed our vast Establishment to the

NEW MARBLE BUILDING,

No. 19 City Hall Square, opposite the Hall of Records in the Park. From whence we shall in future issue

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATIONS.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.
Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun.
Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine and Gazette of Fashion.
Frank Leslie's Illustrirte Zeitung.
Frank Leslie's Pictorials.

The Business Office, No. 19 City Hall Square, is now open to receive Subscriptions, Advertisements, &c.

We shall in a few weeks give a Splendid Illustration of

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW PUBLICATION OFFICE.

NOTICE.

We shall in our next issue continue our

EXPOSURE OF THE ORDER OF THE SONS OF MALTA,

giving numerous Startling Illustrations, with descriptive matter.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 624 Broadway, near Houston Street.
THE NEW SCOTTISH DRAMA EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.
MISS AGNES ROBERTSON AS JEANIE DEANS.
MISS LAURA KEENE AS EFFIE DEANS.
Dress Circle seats may be secured ONE WEEK in advance.
Doors open at half-past six; to commence at half-past seven o'clock.
Performance ever at ten o'clock.
Admission.....Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

WINTER GARDEN.—
OLIVER TWIST EVERY NIGHT.
Great Novelties in preparation.
Dress Circle Seats may be secured ONE WEEK in advance. Doors open at half-past six. Admission, Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Grand Dramatic Reopening.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c.
Admittance to all, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—COOKE'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—
THE MERRY SPORTS OF OLD ENGLAND,
and the Daring Splendors of the
ENGLISH STEEPLE CHASE.
The same programme will be reproduced on
FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 10.
MLLE. ELLA ZOYARA, MR. JAMES ROBINSON,
THE HANLON BROTHERS.
The trained barb ZAIDEE,
In all their magnificent performances.
Doors open in the evening at 6½ o'clock; performances to commence at 7½.
Boxes, 50 cts.; Orchestra Chairs, $1; Private boxes, $5 and $6.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1860.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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One Copy	2 years	$ 5
Three Copies	1 year	$ 6
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OFFICE, 19 CITY HALL SQUARE, NEW YORK.

The Foreign News.

The news from Europe is to the 25th of January. The Queen opened the British Parliament on the 24th, with a Speech, which announced that she had been invited by both Austria and France to attend a Congress, that she had agreed to send a Plenipotentiary, but had declared her intention to sustain the right of the Italians to govern themselves, and that no foreign intervention should be permitted. She also announced the new Commercial Treaty with France; that France and England had sent an expedition against the Chinese for reparation; that the Indian Sepoy Rebellion was at an end; that her Ministers were going to introduce a Bill for the extension of popular rights—and other things of little interest to the American reader. Lord Grey had moved a "regret" in the House of Peers that the Ministers had gone to war with China without consulting Parliament, but it was negatived without a division. In the Commons, D'Israeli uttered a few objections to the Commercial Treaty, but offered no serious opposition. It is very clear that the Army and Navy are to be kept on a war footing. The Treaty between France and England was signed on the 23d of January.

Captain Harrison, of the Great Eastern, was drowned on the 23d of January by the upsetting of a boat in Southampton water, on his way from his house to the ship. A sudden squall capsized the boat, and two persons besides himself perished.

Cobden has lost all his fortune by investments in American railroad securities, and a subscription is being made to reimburse him. This is the second time he has had a public subscription. The first was to reward him for his exertions in the Corn Law campaign, when £100 000 were raised, and now £40,000 are to be levied. Cobden, like all patriots, has a keen eye to his own aggrandisement.

It was rumored that the Emperor had written a second letter to the Pope, in which he had reiterated his views. This is, however, unlikely, since he is not a man to speak twice when once will do.

The Public Verdict.

Our last paper was emphatically one of horrors, and the greatest horror of all lay in the fact, that they were all occasioned by man's inhumanity to man. Since then the Coroner's jury has sat and deliberated upon some of these, and it is a gratifying sign of the times that they have in some degree responded to the popular demand. But unfortunately a Coroner's jury has no legal effect. It is a mere opinion, and of no more efficacy than an individual censure.

Among the most emphatic has been that upon the Elm street catastrophe, which very probably places upon the owner of the Bastile the responsibility. And how does Mr. Waring, the gentleman in question, answer this condemnation?—by refusing to allow the workmen to clear away the ruins till he has made a bargain with some other architect of those death-traps, called tenement-houses to rebuild it, giving, so we are informed, as his reason, that the contractor for the edifice must put into his new estimate the cost of removing the rubbish! Surely, never before has avarice assumed so undisguisedly the form of indifference to human misery! Is it too much to hope that our public authorities will insist upon a broader and more commodious escape from that most horrible of all fates, burning to death?

Verdicts of similar import have been given in the other casualties. In that of the recent railroad accident, or rather murder, on the Harlem road, the jury threw the blame on some of the officials, but our own experience compels us to say, that in most instances the culpability of the offender has been punished by a simple dismission from one railroad to assume the same post on another.

Until some law is passed, making the directors and stockholders liable to heavy damages for loss of life and limb, thus elevating human beings in the scale of directorial humanity by investing them with a money value, nothing can be done to make railroad traveling more secure. As the matter now stands, every man, woman or child who travel by one of these trains of destruction, do it knowingly at the risk of their lives.

The most unfortunate thing is, that the public cannot help themselves. They are at the mercy of these Juggernauts, who care nothing for collisions till they find they are expensive. How is it that men, who would recoil from being personally concerned in a murder, should so readily lend themselves collectively to the slaughter of hundreds for a mere beggarly dividend? We are compelled to tell them that they are at heart as much constructive murderers as was James Stephens, who lately expiated his offence on the gallows, and, in justice to the wife poisoner, we must add they equally deserve his ignominious fate.

Indeed, of the two, we consider them as far worse, since they have not the same absorbing passion to blind them to its guilt, but rather resemble assassins who stab blindly in the dark, careless alike whether they murder friend or foe. If anything could reconcile us to the continuation of capital punishment, it would be the hope that it might be reserved for some of these guilty officials.

Physical Education for Women.

No one who is familiar with the journals of the day can be ignorant of the fact that there is at present in this country a great awakening to the want of physical education for the young, and of rational daily exercise for all. But a knowledge of the system to be pursued is as yet wanting. The books which have been written on the subject are not in every school and every family, and in fact there are very few books extant which are of a truly practical nature. Mr. Sedgwick, of this city; Mr. Root, of New Haven, the author of "Hints Toward Physical Perfection;" Miss Beecher, the author of "Saints and their Bodies," and several others, have all written much and well on training the body to health, and deserve honor for their efforts. At present that book is, however, much needed which shall combine the true doctrines of recreation, as a law of life, with those of health and exercise, the whole being adapted to different classes, and pointing out the course to be followed in curing such diseases as require physical effort.

If every reasoning being in this community could realize the degree not only of health, but of mental serenity or of actual happiness which result from a due observance of the laws of nature, we should soon see an interest awakened in temperance, cleanliness, rational amusement and daily exercise, which would lead to the most striking social results. All the dissipations and luxuries of wealth cannot produce that glow of brave, happy feeling which courses through the pure blood of the person who is in perfect health, and who turns it to good account by daily exercise in genial company.

We speak from knowledge and from observation on this subject. We have seen delicate and sickly children under careful and competent instruction become strong and marvellously expert in active exercises, and we know that young ladies who have their four hours a week of gymnastic exercise, and are otherwise trained to health, are far more joyous in disposition, far more apt to cultivate their minds, and infinitely better qualified to be happy themselves and make home happy, than the nervous, sickly, pallid, paltry-souled Flora McFlimsies whose whole lives are a series of miserable follies, whose triumphs are those over common sense, and whose ambition is to rival the macaw and parrot.

We have known an instance in which a young lady of no very extraordinary muscular development was able, after a few months of judicious, careful education, to not only perform all such exercises as are common to gymnasts and are appropriate to her sex, but also to "put up" a forty-six pound weight from the arm. There is no absurd prejudice prevailing among the ignorant that such exercise destroys the symmetry of the female form. It is true that exercise to excess among, for instance, circus riders, sometimes toughens the muscle without enlarging it. But in that moderate degree of exertion to which most girls would be necessarily limited, the very reverse is the case. The reader may find in that very sensible little book, "The Arts of Beauty," an instance cited whereby a young girl made her arms and bust full and beautiful by daily exercise with dumb-bells, and by due observance of the laws of health.

We should really like to know, though, how many of the persons who argue against gymnastic exercise for girls know anything at all about it? And we should also be pleased to be informed what proportion of intensely fashionable and expensive boarding schools in this country, professing to provide everything, including moral instruction, also provide rational exercise, or teach the great truth that vice and morbid thought find their way into minds far more readily through nervous, overworked and weakly bodies than through strong ones? It is not only true that the corrupted mind weakens the body, but that the enervated body corrupts the mind. A terrible array of revolting statistics might be alleged to prove what we say, but we leave the assertion as a self-evident truth to the intelligent reader. One thing is at least certain, that the time has come when morality, quite as much as health, demands careful physical education for the young, and especially for young girls.

The American Race.

As science develops itself, questions are mooted which were never dreamed of in former days. Ponderous tomes are written upon the varieties of the human race, just as Cuvier wrote upon the animal kingdom, at which man stands the acknowledged head. Philosophers have of late years rejected the notion that any particular race, such as the Saxon, Celt, Latin, Scandinavian, Caucasian, Teuton or Hottentot, have any special advantage, and come to the conclusion that, as variety is the spice of life, so is it of man. Each is but a simple element, forming an ingredient in a great nation—one of those letters which has an incomplete sound of itself, requiring others to make a word of power.

We have the experience of history to prove that in proportion as nations combine these various elements, their force is increased. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that every separate race has a certain arithmetical value, which belongs to it as naturally as though it were a numerical figure. This mingling of the elements has hitherto made the British race the dominant power, and, taking the past as the guide of the future, we are justified in the speculation that a new combination promises that eminence to the American people.

A writer in the London *Quarterly Review* prophecies the decadence of the American race on account of its more fragile physique, which does not last so long as the British, the latter having an average of thirty-six, while ours has only thirty-three years! He, however, totally forgets to take into consideration the altered aspect of the world. Life now, like money, is changed. Methusaleh, who lived over nine centuries, did not do half the mischief of Napoleon or William Pitt! Ten years of American life is worth thirty of the old fogy existence. It took two months to cross the Atlantic fifty years ago. Now the average is ten days. Men now live a year in a month, and the progress of science is accelerating the speed every day.

We are thus rapidly becoming intensified, exchanging our silver for gold. How far this epitomising ourselves conduces to our personal happiness is a question which the next generation alone can decide.

Our present object is merely to submit that the United States is a grand retort into which a variety of distinct and separate nationalities are poured, and the result is the American race, the most daring, sensitive and successful the world has yet beheld.

The Pope and the Emperor.

It is very clear from recent events that the infallibility of the Pope does not include a knowledge of the future; indeed, it does not even come up to foresight; that it, however, comprises the faculty of deliberately uttering in public the most remarkable untruths has been made painfully apparent by his reply to General Goyon, on the occasion of that officer's presenting to his Holiness the usual New Year's congratulations. The practical rebuke he received the next day in the face of Europe was so emphatic, that, even with the remembrance of the massacre of Perugia fresh in our recollection, we cannot withhold from him that pity which the most bigoted Protestant must feel at the melancholy spectacle of an aged man, tottering on the brink of the grave, outraging that spirit of truth of which he professes to be the High Priest. In his address to the French Commandant he solemnly assured him that he had documents from Louis Napoleon repudiating the monstrous principles advocated in the celebrated pamphlet of La Guerronière, and that, under this impression, he gave his Apostolic blessing to the Emperor, his wife and child. As though to abash him in the eyes of the civilized world, the next day brought him the Emperor's letter of the 31st of December, in which he urges upon the Pope, with a clearness and earnestness not to be misunderstood, the very proposition set forth in the pamphlet, and which the Pope had declared the preceding day to be a monstrous monument of hypocrisy and wickedness.

As though to make the issue between the Pope and the Potentate more striking, the Emperor publishes in the *Moniteur* the Pope's address to General Goyon, and his own letter, thus challenging the verdict of the world upon their relative veracity. How the Pope can escape from this dilemma will require all the Jesuitism of the Vatican.

Personal.

The only full pensioner on the revolutionary roll of Massachusetts is Benjamin Smith of Grafton. There are other revolutionary pensioners, but none besides Mr. Smith who served over three years in the army. Mr. Smith was a fifer, and was with the army nearly four years. He is now nearly 98 years of age, his birthday occurring on the 8th of this month, and is quite feeble, being confined to his room.

The Philadelphia *Press* contains the following from "Occasional:" "Mr. Roger A. Pryor, perceiving the Chevalier Wikoff, recently returned from the

GHTLY BOUND

Celestial Empire, glass on eye, occupying a place on the floor and indulging in his favorite occupation of graceful observation, drew the attention of the doorkeeper to him and had him ejected in the most peremptory manner." He also states that the object of the Chevalier's visit is to prepare for a Bennett visit. The difficulty is an *à Priori* one.

LIEUT. THOMAS ROGERS, who served with distinction during the war with Mexico, died at his residence in North Moore street, Feb. 3, of consumption. The deceased served in the capacity of color-bearer of the New York Volunteers, and gallantly carried the colors of his regiment during the various battles in which it was engaged in Mexico.

MR. ARCHIBALD ROBBINS, an old citizen of Cleveland, Ohio, died in that city recently. He was a prisoner at Halifax in the war of 1812; was shipwrecked in 1815 on the coast of Africa, and owed his rescue, after nineteen months captivity, to the interference of the English Consul at Magadore; was afterward captured by pirates in the West Indies, and hung up to extort a confession of the whereabouts of certain treasures, and after divers extraordinary escapes gave up the sea, married and settled down in Cleveland in 1826.

THE HON. JOEL JONES, Ex-Mayor of Philadelphia, died in that city on Friday morning. He was born October 25, 1795, in Connecticut. He graduated at Yale College, and soon after commenced the practice of law in Easton, Pa. He held the office of Judge of the District Court of Philadelphia, under appointment of Gov. Wolf, and was afterward Presiding Judge of that Court. He was the first President of Girard College, and held that office four years. In 1849 he was elected Mayor of Philadelphia, served one term and retired to the practice of the law.

ALOYSIUS DERLESH died in St. Louis last week. He was a German of great musical talent, and could play on any instrument from a Jew's harp to a church organ. He also invented two or three kinds of reed instruments, which became popular among the German musicians. Although obliged to work from day to day for a livelihood, he found time to compose several popular airs, and also wrote eight operas.

THE will of Miss Sarah Disraeli of Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, was proved in London by her brother, Ralph Disraeli, Esq., the sole executor; the personalty £4,000. She has bequeathed her funded property, money and shares in public companies equally among her three brothers, the Right-Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M. P., Ralph Disraeli, Esq., and James Disraeli, Esq. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother, Ralph Disraeli. She has left to her attendant, Mary Wright, a legacy of £60, free of legacy duty.

MADAME HOWARD, celebrated for her intimacy with the French Emperor previous to his marriage, and on whom he bestowed a handsome income immediately before that event, afterward married the son of Sir John Trelawny, the Welsh Baronet; and now, after a separation of some time from her husband, on whom she had settled by contract about £2,000 a year, the lady is taking measures to secure a divorce. Unless hushed up, the case will bring up past circumstances not at all agreeable for high personages.

AGASSIZ has presented to the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology the collection made by him since 1852, and his claim upon the Museum for the care of that collection. The sums paid in cash for making these additions to the Museum, including the expenses for preserving the specimens belonging to the University, amount to $10,000—not counting travelling expenses when making excursions and longer journeys for the purpose of gathering specimens.

THE Jamaica papers announce the death of a millionaire, the Hon. Edward Thompson, Chief Magistrate and senior member of Assembly for the parish of Clarendon. Mr. Thompson was the last of the planters of the olden time. He was connected with the agricultural interests of every parish in the island, and owned several sugar estates. His life was insured for £60,000.

LORD LYONS, the British Minister at Washington, is collecting information in this country relative to the use and expense of burning gas, and forwarding the same to his Government, by request. Mr. Cass, our Secretary of State, has been aiding him in the matter, and recently wrote to Mayor Wood for statistics of interest on the subject, and the Mayor favored him with many facts pertaining to it.

LITERATURE.

WE have received from D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York, a new work entitled, *Austrian Infantry Tactics*, translated by Lieut. C. M. Wilcox, Seventh Regiment, United States Infantry. The translation of this work, which is officially recognized in Austria by the highest military authorities, is a valuable addition to our Literature of War. The system of tactics of which this work treats is in a great measure the result of the practical experience of the celebrated Field. Marshal Prince Radetzky, and is a strong opposition to the Austrian Ordinance of 1807, to which the gallant and experienced soldier, Arch-Duke Charles, affixed his signature. The errors of this Ordinance were constantly proved in the long life of active service by Marshal Radetzky. For twenty-five years he labored to get the present system of tactics recognized, but the immovable routine of the Austrian Court, and the powerful opposition of rival military commanders, delayed his plans until 1851, when the present Emperor, Francis Joseph, who served his first campaign under the Marshal, ascended the throne of the Hapsburgs, and caused the new tactics to be adopted throughout the army. To military men this work must prove very acceptable. It is well brought out, and has a number of diagrams to illustrate positions, &c., &c.

From SHELDON & Co., New York, we have received *The Gospel in Burmah*, by Mrs. Macleod Wylie. This is a comprehensive and very interesting history of the Gospel in Burmah, and its marvellous progress among the Burmese and Karens. The introductory chapter treats of the Burman geography, government, races and religions, giving a clear and condensed account of their theologies and singular traditions; also the first effort made by the missionaries from America to establish a mission and sow the seeds of the Gospel where the word of God had never been preached before.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson were the first laborers in the cause. Their sufferings were dreadful, and one, the noble self-sacrificing wife, was the first who fell a martyr to her faith and principles.

The subsequent history of the mission is one of suffering and earnest persistence in pursuit of duty, of death and faith's triumphs. It is a work which will be read with intense interest, for it is a romance of real life, records of deeds of the highest heroism, sanctified by faith, and sealed by a martyr's death.

One of the most interesting and popular books of the season is TICKNOR & FIELD'S edition of *Captain McClintock's Discovery of Sir John Franklin's Remains*. It is embellished with an excellent map and numerous illustrations. Our space forbids any extracts, and indeed it is a volume that ought to be read every line, since it is written in a singularly lucid style, and abounds in incidents of interest to every intelligent person. It is gratifying to observe how the intrepid author rejoices that Sir John Franklin and his heroic companions must have had their dying days cheered by the consciousness of having solved the great problem of geography and navigation in the discovery of the northwest passage. The very position in which their relics were discovered establishes that fact beyond a doubt.

From Messrs. APPLETON & Co. we have received Charles Darwin's book on *The Origin of the Species*, a work calculated to create no little excitement in the scientific world. It is, of course, in opposition to the theological view of the question, which the discoveries of science and the accumulation of data is daily rendering more untenable. Mr. Darwin's theory may be stated in a few words to consist in the broad fact that species arise from gradual changes in individuals, made permanent and continuous by the circumstances in which they occur. He puts no faith in the creation of hybrid forms, but in the gradual change, through a law of selection and adaptation, which goes on through extended periods until the original form disappears, giving place to successive changes, which in turn become substituted for the preceding type. This volume deserves to be read by every person who has the courage and wish to think for himself. The book is got up in the usual classical style of the Appletons.

D. APPLETON & Co. have a present us *The Eighteen Christian Centuries*, by the Rev. James White, author of a History of France. The plan of this work is curiously comprehensive, dividing as it does century from century, sketching the history of each, embodying its leading idea, and bringing forward the prominent and leading actors in each century's drama. It certainly embodies more general and important information than any single volume of its class in the English language. It is a vigorous and concise historical resumé of the last important eighteen hundred years, which in its scope embraces the dominant minds of the leading and influencing events of the world's history during that period. The subject matter is thus divided: 1st century, The Bad Emperors; 2d, The Good Emperors; 3d, Anarchy and Confusion—Growth of the Christian Church; 4th, The Removal to Constantinople—Establishment of Christianity—Apostacy of Julian—Settlement of the Goths; 5th, End of the Roman Empire—Formation of Modern States—Growth of Ecclesiastical Authority; 6th, Belisarius and Narses in Italy—Settlements of the Lombards—Laws of Justinian—Birth of Mohammed; 7th, Powers of Rome Supported by the Monks—Conquests of the Mohammedans; 8th, Temporal Power of the Popes—The Empire of Charlemagne; 9th, Dismemberment of Charlemagne's Empire—Danish Invasion of England—Weakness of France—Reign of Alfred; 10th, Darkness and Despair; 11th, The Commencement of Improvement—Gregory VII.—First Crusade; 12th, Elevation of Learning—Power of the Church—Thomas à Becket; 13, First Crusade against the Heretics—The Albigenses—Magna Charta—Edward I.; 14th, Abolition of the Order of the Templars—Rise of Modern Literature—Schism of the Church; 15th, Decline of Feudalism — Agincourt — Joan of Arc — The Printing Press — Discovery of America; 16th, The Reformation—The Jesuits—Policy of Elizabeth; 17th, English Rebellion and Revolution—Despotism of Louis XIV; 18th, India—America—France—Index.

This work has passed through two editions in England, and has acquired a great reputation. It should be found in every library. It is brought out in the Appleton's best style.

MUSIC.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.—Bellini's fine opera, "I Puritani," was produced here on Monday, the 6th inst., with Adelina Patti in the character of Elvira, and Brignoli, Susini and Ferri in the other parts. As a whole it was very admirably performed.

The music of the rôle of Elvira is well calculated to display the best points of the young artist's style. It is extremely florid, and her remarkable executive powers have ample scope for revel and riot. There are but few difficulties in the way of *fioriturі* which Adelina Patti has not overcome; her voice is naturally flexible, and the most daring *tours de force* are thrown off by her with a fluent ease surprising to all who hear her. The quality of her voice is rich and melodious, although it has not yet reached its mature development. The brief experience which she has now had of the stage has been of great service to her; it has rendered her more at ease, and, consequently, her action is more natural. Her progress is very rapid, and her ultimate position in the world of art is no longer problematical.

On Wednesday evening she appeared as Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," and achieved a well-merited success. The light and dashing character of the music is emphatically in her style, and she expounds it most charmingly. She acted it gracefully and archly, and was, altogether, one of the most fascinating Rosinas we have seen for years. In the singing lesson she sang two English songs—one the "Tyrolean Song," originally by Sontag; and the other, "Coming Thro' the Rye." The last was a great success; her pronunciation was perfect, and the simple air gave us an opportunity of appreciating the delicious melody of her voice when not overtaxed. She was called out after each act amid showers of bouquets.

Brignoli was very painstaking; he surmounted the florid passages with difficulty, but his spirit was good, and the attempt proves his desire and his determination to excel. Ferri was a somewhat heavy Barber, both in the singing and the acting. He lacks versatility, and his pronunciation is too labored for the rapid *parlando* of the rôle of the mercurial Barber. The consequence was that he rarely, if ever, was up to the beat of the conductor; he was just a little behind throughout the opera. Susini, as the Doctor, was admirable. He made it a marked character, and sustained it throughout. We prefer his interpretation of the character to any we have seen on the stage of the Academy. Amodio was capital as the oily priest, and sang the "La Columnia" with much dramatic effect.

"Der Freyschutz" was given on Friday evening, with the Recitative written by Hector Berlioz. Madame Colson, Madame Strakosch, Stigelli and Junca taking the principal characters.

New York Philharmonic Society.—The third concert of the eighteenth season of this popular and excellent society takes place this evening, Saturday, 11th, at the Academy of Music. Besides the fine instrumental selection, the celebrated artists, Madame Colson and Mr. S. B. Mills, will appear. The concert will be conducted by Theodore Eisfeld.

William Vincent Wallace.—Our readers will be glad to learn that the celebrated composer, Mr. Vincent Wallace, will immediately produce a new Opera in London. He is now busily engaged with the rehearsals. Louisa Pyne will sustain the principal character, and the other parts will be ably sustained. The opera is called "Lurlei," and the plot is founded on an old legend of the Rhine, full of romantic interest and dramatic effects. It will be produced in a style of great magnificence, as it is considered the *piece de resistance* of the English Opera season. We have not a doubt of its success. We have heard all the music and have examined the score, and we do not hesitate to say that it immeasurably excels any previous work from the pen of Mr. Vincent Wallace. He wrote "Lurlei" for fame. He intended that it should live, and he threw into it all his heart and all his power. It is highly imaginative, weird and romantic, abounds with exquisite melodies, but truth of situation or sentiment has not been sacrificed to mere prettiness. It is the conscientious work of a man who has raised for himself a high standard of art to which he aspires, and in the soaring flight has cast behind him all the alluring glitter of claptrap common place.

The instrumentation is full of novel and startling effects, and is at once brilliant and richly and elaborately beautiful. We predict for this work a grand success, and we base our prediction not alone upon its esthetical beauties, but upon its truly popular attributes.

Wallace is undoubtedly a great composer; his versatility is remarkable, and his excellence in every department undoubted. Had he written nothing but the delicious ballads which are to be found upon every piano in every quarter of the globe, he had done enough to make his name remembered; but when we remember his countless fine piano works, violin pieces and successful operas, we cannot hesitate to place the name of William Vincent Wallace among the foremost of the great musical minds of the day.

We have every reason to believe that after it has had its run in London and Germany, "Lurlei" will be produced here by Louisa Pyne, under the personal supervision of the composer.

Madame Anna Bishop.—This charming and popular artist is now on her Southern tour. Her success has been most flattering. She is renewing her old triumphs, and will certainly reap a new fortune. Harry Sanderson, one of our New York institutions, is with her, and the papers are full of admiration of his splendid pianoforte playing. He is a youth of wonderful natural abilities.

DRAMA.

Niblo's Garden.—The gymnastic drama is in the full tide of successful experiment. Night after night does Mr. Lester Wallack terrify the timid among his audiences by his appalling leap from the dizzy height of at least six feet; while at the Winter Garden, Mr. Jordan, not to be outdone, hangs himself by the coat collar from the eaves of a pasteboard house. How charmingly intellectual all this is! how delicious to have one's sensibilities so directly appealed to, and one's nerves so extatically thrilled! We are only lost in amazement to think that so clever an adapter as Mr. Bourcicault should have neglected to introduce something of the sort in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," such opportunities too as the subject affords, Jeanie Dean's journey from Edinburgh to London, for instance, might have been represented in this manner: Let the heroine walk so many miles in so many hours, on a narrow plank and in sight of the audience; the play would be lengthened indefinitely, but what of that, refreshments might be handed round, and a day or so devoted to the business. Perhaps, however, our suggestion only anticipates Mr. Bourcicault's purpose, and the sensation we refer to is kept back until the play without it ceases to attract. Such being the channel into which the public taste at present runs, it will not be a matter of surprise that Cooke's admirable Circus Company and troupe of athletes draw increasing crowds to Niblo's Theatre (or perhaps we should rechristen it Amphitheatre.) In all respects this is the very best conducted Circus we have ever seen, the artists are first class, and the dresses and decorations new and brilliant. We do not doubt but that it will become a permanent institution in New York.

Professor Hows on Tuesday last completed his course of Readings, and we notice with much pleasure that his audiences increased with each reading. During the course just closed Professor Hows has satisfied all those who have listened to him that he is not only a brilliant but also a thoroughly conscientious reader. He never perverts his author for the purpose of producing an effect; but very many latent beauties are made manifest by his art, very many apparently obscure passages made clear by his intonations. In previous articles we have had occasion to particularise a number of Mr. Hows' delineations, and cannot close without recording his great success in the celebrated murder scene from "Macbeth;" this, together with the forum scene from "Julius Cæsar," and the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice," presents peculiar difficulties to the reader by reason of the instantaneous transition necessary from one character to another; and it is owing to his extraordinary success in mastering this difficulty and maintaining intact the individuality of each rôle, that Prof. Hows in the scenes alluded to is enabled to present three unrivalled pictures from the great bard. Tennyson's "May Queen" was most touchingly read, and the "Candle Lecture" provoked no end of genuine laughter. We trust that the time may come when the public will insist upon a frequent repetition of these delightful readings.

The Model of Solomon's Temple.—There is now on exhibition in Tenth street, near Broadway, a superb model of the wonderful Temple of King Solomon. It is of large dimensions, and is scripturally correct, to a marvel. It is a gorgeous piece of handiwork, and excites the wonder of all who behold it. Since it has been exhibited in this city, it has been visited by the learned and intellectual of all classes of society, who examine it with critical scrutiny, and test its accuracy by comparison with the most elaborate description. It has stood these tests, and has received the indorsement of the most competent authorities. We commend it warmly to the notice of our readers, for it is something which everybody should see—at least once.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

January 21st, 1860.

SINCE my last letter there has been a vast change in the outward aspect of foreign affairs, although there is no question Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon have for months resolved upon their ultimate policy. The approaching meeting of Parliament, of course, rendered some definite action on the Italian question necessary, and, in order to enlist the sympathies of England on the side of France, and counteract that strong leaning towards Austria which the upper classes of England must naturally feel, partly the result of the old hereditary enmity to France, and partly from a recollection of Austria's exertions for England in the wars of the First Napoleon, it has evidently been arranged between the Premier and the Emperor that the chloroform of Free Trade should be administered to John Bull, to enable the dentists of the Tuileries and Cambridge House to extract his wisdom teeth. If anything could reconcile England to another war it is Free Trade. Next to national honor John sticks up for his shop. Although the La Guerronnière pamphlet, entitled "The Pope and the Congress," enlightened the public as to Napoleon's real opinions of his Holiness, yet it was hardly prepared for the deliberate endorsement of its views as given in the Emperor's letter to the Pope, and which, as though to make it more emphatic, came as a sort of unarranged reply to his Holiness's address to General Goyon, in which the aforesaid pamphlet was styled "a monster monument of hypocrisy, and a despicable jumble of contradictions." The general opinion here is that the Pope's last temporal hour is at hand, and that nothing can save him except the death of Louis Napoleon. I must confess that I should not be much surprised if he were to meet his fate in the assassin's dagger or the poisoned bowl. If, however, he lives, and Austria makes a desperate struggle to regain her lost ascendancy by a frantic appeal to the ultra Catholics of Europe, England will assuredly join her forces to those of France, and the house of Hapsburg will cease to exist as a reigning power. This cooperation is openly threatened in the *Morning Post*, on the pretext that the commercial interests of England cannot tolerate a war, and consequently, if it should come, it must be made sharp, short and decisive. A war to please the great shopman of the world must have the element of wit, brevity. In this let us admire the progress of the times and the Christianity of Free Trade. Under England's old *regime* of protection and prohibition, war was her policy. Under her new reign of free trade, her empire is peace. I am afraid, however, that on some questions her devotion to milk and water resembles the man described by Pope:

> "Peace is his dear delight—not Bony's more—
> But touch him, and no minister's so sore."

The Queen's Speech will be delivered on the 24th, when Parliament will meet. Palmerston will have certain victory when it comes to a division, owing to the *bonne bouche* of Louis Napoleon's commercial treaty; but his acts will be fiercely assailed, and his motives bitterly criticised. I do not anticipate much opposition to the Reform Bill which Lord John Russell is to introduce, since, so far as I can observe, the people are profoundly indifferent to a vote if they have their rations. There is too much of this political swindling in America. Politicians think if they give a laborer a pint of bad rum and a vote they can rob him of his bread! which they do in the shape of house rent and taxation. The Italian question has been an Aaron's serpent, and swallowed all the rest. We hear little of the Moorish and Spanish war. The last reports are that the Moors have 60 000 men in camp, and that Spain will soon have 80,000 men. To those who know the wretched condition of Spanish finances this is prophetic of danger to the Ministry, more especially as Spain cannot expect aid from either France or England. A Dublin paper says the war was planned and encouraged by Louis Napoleon, to take a Catholic power out of the Pope's camp, and the affair has that aspect. In the present condition of affairs, Spain, the most bigoted of Catholic powers, can do nothing for Pius the Ninth! Turkey is in another financial and ministerial crisis. Poor old Mussulman, he resembles the breaking-up drunkard, he has got *delirium tremens* very bad. But like the pauper of Hood, nobody will care for his death.

> "Rattle his bones
> Over the stones,
> He's only a Mussulman nobody owns."

The rise, decline and downfall of the Sultans would form a grand theme for some American Gibbon. But the question is, "Have we a Gibbon among us?" If there should happen to be one present, let him answer to his name.

The Prussian Chambers were opened by the Prince Regent on the 12th. In his speech the Regent said, that the war in Italy compelled him to arm—that his troops were taking up their position in conjunction with the other German Powers, when the peace of Villafranca rendered their precautions useless. He also says that at the joint request of France and Austria, he has agreed to form one of a Congress to consider the most advisable means for the pacification of Italy, and for a lasting consolidation of its political position. It will appear from the tone of his speech that it was time for Louis Napoleon to make peace, since another week's war might have brought him into actual conflict with all Germany. Indeed, it is quite certain that nothing but the advent of Palmerston to power and the attitude Russia assumed towards Germany that has saved Europe from a devastating war.

I forgot to name in its proper place that the Turkish Government has replied to the French Ambassador's application in favor of the Suez canal. It states that the Sultan has no objection to the Lesseps canal, and never had as long as it was merely a commercial question, but since it has assumed a political question, the Sublime Porte considers it only right that the Great Powers should first come to an understanding among themselves, and that the integrity of Turkish interests in Egypt shall be guaranteed. This reply is evidently the inspiration of Sir Henry Bulwer.

Mr. Dallas, who has hitherto been rather despised by the Americans here for his aristocratical tendencies and his aping the British nobility, to some of whom he is allied, being related to the Byrons and the Dallases, has lately lost at one fell swoop all his popularity with these infernal Britishers, for his spreading the egis of the American Eagle over a couple of murderers, the mates of an American ship. As a New Yorker I blushed for the Stars and Stripes. It appears that these two men, through their diabolical cruelty, which was pursued more with the deliberation of a demon than the savage impulse of a man, however brutal his nature, caused the deaths of six seamen who were already suffering from yellow fever. So strong is the feeling against Mr. Dallas for his protection of these men, that when he rose to speak at a dinner given at the Merchant Tailors Hall, the buzz of conversation drowned his words. He seemed deeply mortified, but had to grin and bear it. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind not to make himself a fool by leaving the table.

Irish Russell's (the world-renowned *Times* reporter) Diary in India has had an immense sale. It is by no means a reprint of his letters to the Thunderer, the entire work having been rewritten and much new matter added. Indeed, the supplementary additions are the best part of the volumes.

You will have to wait for Macaulay's new volume of the History; his sister having deposited all his papers in the strong box of her bankers until her return from India, for which distant colony she sailed last week. I suppose she thinks the reign of Anne will keep a little longer.

Captain McClintock's voyage in the Arctic seas has taken remarkably well. It is a most interesting work, being told with great clearness and modesty.

An amusing trial has lately come off here. A boxmaker named Damm—not Damn—brought an action against a confectioner named York—not New York—for a quantity of fancy card boxes with portraits of celebrated living persons on the lids. The defence was that Damm had sent too many Spurgeons, Amy Sedgwicks and Charles Dickenses, and not enough Palmerstons, Napoleons, Victorias and Eugenies. In reply to the judge a witness stated that these boxes were used to pack sweetmeats in, and that Damm, being of a religious turn of mind, had sent an undue proportion of Spurgeons to every dozen of cases. He also stated that since his separation from his wife he could not sell Charles Dickens as formerly, and that from the manner in which Miss Sedgwick's name had been mixed up with the great novelist her popularity had waned. He had also ordered a large number of Garibaldis, which were not sent, but instead of these Damm had substituted Spurgeon. The judge said that five Spurgeons to every dozen were too many, and the jury gave a verdict deducting Amy Sedgwick, Charles Dickens and Spurgeon. The gravity with which the boxmaker and the confectioner mentioned these celebrities, as though they were so many candy cases, convulsed judge, jury and spectators.

A trial equally amusing has lately set all Paris laughing or rather grinning, for I do not think a Frenchman can give a hearty laugh, his mark of humorous appreciation being a grimace indicative of epigastric pangs, a shrug of the shoulders, resembling an incipient St. Vitus's dance, and a display of teeth fit to adorn a dentist's showcase. It appears that a shoemaker, finding cobbling rather dull, resolved to tread upon the corns he had made by his tight boots and shoes. He therefore conceived the idea of writing his memoirs, which should include the biography of his customer's feet. He, however, miscalculated the length of some of their understandings, and put his own foot into it instead. He sent a circular, to every one of his patronesses, politely stating that any lady who might wish to have her biography omitted might be accommodated by sending him fifteen francs. We once knew a New Yorker who used to drop in upon editors, and read his poems by the mile, for which he charged nothing. Our Paris snob, however, charged so much a foot. Some of the ladies thereupon had him arrested on the charge of extortion. On the trial some of these precious biographies were read. I copy these specimens: "Madame A— lives Rue—, No. —, first floor; married in 1844, three children; pays badly; feet very difficult to fit; instep too flat; two corns and three bunions; walks awkwardly and wears her shoes out in the inside very fast. Madame B— Rue—, No.—, two pair back; still an old maid; borrows children to take with her into the Tuileries Garden; pays her bills, but makes a hard bargain; feet spreading, toes crowding one over the other; two corns and a bunion. Madame B—, Rue—, No.—, fifth floor; formerly kept a cookshop; has two sons, privates in the army of Africa; two unmarried daughters; gives her children nothing, and never pays until served with a writ; feet flat, large and fatty, and very apt to burst the leathers; a great many corns and bunions all mixed up together." The ingenious author was rewarded by a month's imprisonment, with the additional punishment of being deprived of the use of pen and ink.

I took a run down to Liverpool the other day, and called upon a schoolmaster at New Brighton, where I saw the youngest son of Garibaldi. He is a fine youth, and takes great interest in all Italian affairs.

Albert Smith made a bad pun the other day. Wishing it were worse, for the sake of your readers, I give it. Meeting Lord Porchester, the latter said, "Well—Goldsmid in for Reading. Five Jews in Parliament. Egad, Smith, we shall soon see some on the Bench!" "That would, indeed, be carrying our Jewdicature to an injuedicious extent." JONATHAN.

By-the-bye, let Leslie look out for his laurels. The London *Illustrated News* has made an arrangement with a New York author to publish portraits of American celebrities from original photographs taken in New York, with biographies.

(*For our Washington and Paris Correspondence see page* 183.)

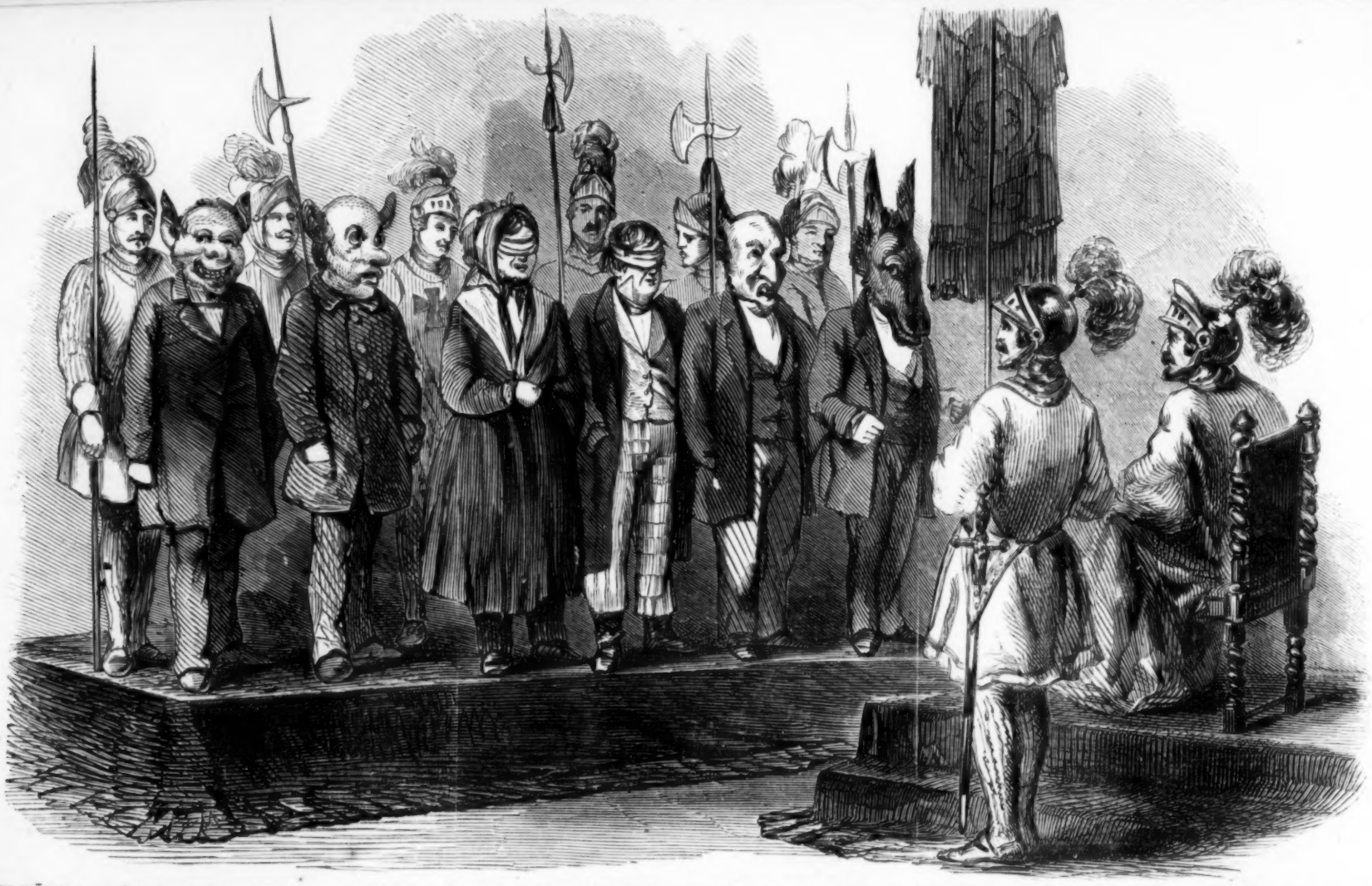
THERE is a patriarchal soldier by the name of Richmond, in Chelsea Hospital, England, who was born March 4, 1755, and who will be 105 years old next month. The physician of the establishment says the veteran is in good health, and bids fair to add another year or more to his already great age.

ARAGO, on his dying bed, intrusted his friend, M. Baral, with the task of editing his works. This arduous task has been completed. On the last meeting of the Academy, M. Baral presented the sixteenth and last volume of Arago's works to the learned assembly.

THE REV. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D. D. LL.D., President of the Troy University, it is rumored, will be selected by the Committee to preach the usual discourse before the Legislature this session.

THE Earl of Guilford and Lord Lyndhurst are entitled, in point of years, to claim precedence over their brother peers. They have both reached the ripe age of eighty-seven. Following close are Viscount Combermere and the Earl of Charlemont, who are respectively aged eighty-five and eighty-four. The heir of the latter is in his sixtieth year. Sixteen peers of Parliament have reached the age of eighty, or have passed it. Lord Brougham is among these Nestors of the State, being in his eighty-first year. The oldest member of the House of Commons is Sir Charles M. Burrell, the member for New Shoreham, who is in his eighty-fifth year. Lord Palmerston is seventy-five; Lord John Russel, sixty-seven; Mr. Disraeli, fifty-four; Mr. Cobden, fifty-five; and Mr. Bright, forty-eight. Lord Campbell is the oldest Judge upon the English bench. He is seventy-eight years of age. Sir James Willes is the youngest, being only forty-four. The Irish bench is graced by the presence of the oldest and youngest Judge in the United Kingdom—the Right Hon. Thomas Lefroy, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, aged eighty-four, and the Right Hon. William Keogh, aged forty-two.

VOLUME TIGHTLY BOUN



SONS OF MALTA—THE CANDIDATES BEFORE THE GRAND COMMANDER, GROTESQUELY DRESSED, ANSWERING QUESTIONS WHICH EXPOSE THE SECRETS OF THEIR PRIVATE LIFE, THEIR GALLANTRIES, &C —SEE PAGE 186.

SONS OF MALTA—LUDICROUS PROBATION OF THE CANDIDATE—WHEN HE SAYS THAT HE CAN DRILL THEY PUT HIM THROUGH THE EXERCISE WITH A FIFTY POUND MUSKET.

THE STEAM RACE DOWN NEW YORK BAY.

One of the most exciting scenes that has happened for some time occurred on the 4th instant, when five large steamers sailed from the Empire City laden with freight and passengers. These were the Fulton for Havre, the Quaker City for Havana, the Augusta for Savannah, the Columbia for Charleston, and the Yorktown for Norfolk. Our artist has sketched three of them as they appeared at half past two on that afternoon, and a finer sight has seldom been seen. The day was bright, the waters of our noble Bay had a crystal appearance, the atmosphere was clear and bracing, and a fine breeze sent the sea foam dashing as though in sportive play against the bows of the noble steamers as they breasted their way through the briny deep. The sea gulls flew as little attendants about them, while at the mast heads of all streamed the Stars and Stripes. One of the vessels was gaily decorated with flags and streamers, and altogether the scene was most inspiriting. The huge ships realized to its fullest extent the glowing line of the poet—they walked the waters like to things of life. It was calculated to give to all a pleasant idea of the importance of the commercial metropolis of the Western World.

Our sketch represents the three Southern steamers as they appeared in their great steam race, being the Augusta bound for Savannah, the Columbia for Charleston, and the Yorktown for Norfolk. It was truly a strife of speed not easily forgotten.

SONS OF MALTA—TURNING OUT (LITERALLY) A REJECTED NON-OBEDIENT CANDIDATE.

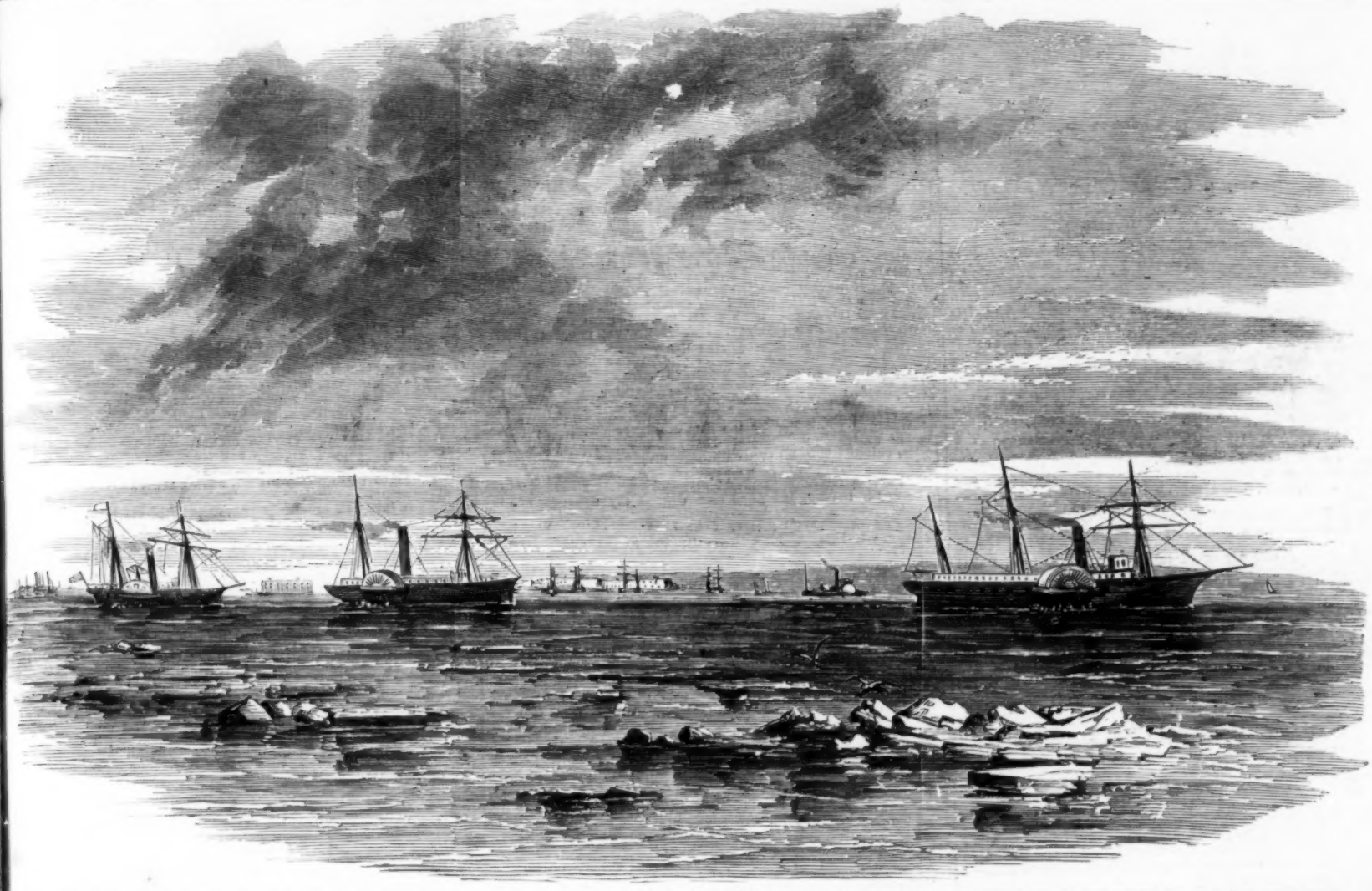
HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

The prominence lately assumed by the Pontiff in European affairs has induced us to present to our readers a portrait of the occupant of the Papal chair.

SONS OF MALTA—BRANDING THE CANDIDATE—"LET HIM BE BRANDED!" AND HE IS WITH—WHAT?

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, who now rules the Roman Catholic Church, is the two hundred and fifty-ninth successor of Saint Peter, the Apostle who denied his master, a peculiarity which has been hereditary in the Apostolic succession ever since. He was born in Sinigaglia, in the marches of Ancona, on the 13th May, 1792. In his youth he was remarkable for the sweetness of his disposition and his active charity. In his eighteenth year he went to Rome for the purpose of entering the body guard of Pope Pius VII., but a constitutional infirmity disabling him from the military service, he exchanged the soldier's life for that of the ecclesiastical. He accordingly entered a religious seminary, and in due course was admitted into the priesthood. His piety was so conspicuous that he was appointed Chaplain in the Hospital of Fata Giovanni, an educational institute for orphans in Rome. He here attracted the attention of the Pope, and was sent to Chili, in South America, as auditor to Monsignore Mugi, the Vicar Apostolic of that place. When he returned to Rome he found the chair of Saint Peter filled by Leo XII., who appointed him Prelate of his Household, and President of the Great Hospital of San Michael, on the Ripa Grande. In his thirty-eighth year he was made Archbishop of Spoleto, from which, in 1832, he was transferred to that of Imola. In 1840 he was made Cardinal. On the death of Pope Gregory XVI., in 1846, he was elected to the vacant See, and solemnly crowned on the 21st June of that year. His first step was to grant a general amnesty to all political offenders, merely requiring a declaration from them of allegiance. Other measures of his led the world to believe that at

GHTLY BOUND



THE GREAT STEAMSHIP RACE BETWEEN THE SOUTHERN STEAMERS, AUGUSTA FOR SAVANNAH, COLUMBIA FOR CHARLESTON, AND THE YORKTOWN FOR NORFOLK, ON SATURDAY, FEB 4TH—THE START FROM NEW YORK.

he Pontificate was filled by who understood the inevitable c of events, and a general lee was celebrated in the rts of those who had long re- ded the Papal power as one nmitigated despotism. It would e been happy for Pius IX. had ied now, for then his memory ld have been one embalmed e hearts of posterity.

1848 the French expelled s Philippe, and proclaimed Republic. This excited the an people, and the Pope, un- nately misled by Austrian and politan councils, refusing to t certain reforms, was com- ed to escape from the city in uise and took up his abode in a, a small town on the Neapo- frontiers. Immediately on rrival there he sent to Rome cree annulling all the acts of existing Government, and rseding it by a State Com- ion. The Romans, however, ed the edicts with contempt, e the Pope appealed to the ch Government to restore to power. General Oudinot consequently dispatched at the of a large French force, h, after a desperate resistance the Triumvirs, Avezzana (now rchant in New York), Mazzini Garibaldi, entered the Eternal in July, 1849. On the 14th , 1850, Pope Pius, escorted by politan troops, re-entered his al, amid the thunders of h cannon and the suppressed s of his people. A few months wards he was so unwise as to the deadly hostility of the h people, more especially Scotch, by his insolent at- t to exercise temporal power s United Kingdom. From our his downfal was certain. 54 he enunciated the doc- of the Immaculate Concep- a dogma which was not mously accepted by the n Catholics, thus creating, in the minds of those of his faith, a certain irritation, is producing its fruits. In he made a grand procession gh the States of the Church, as received everywhere with ent reverence and affection.

he breaking out of the war n France and Austria, the found himself very much in sition of the animal between bundles of hay. His sym- were strangely in favor of rman Sovereign, to whom shown his preference some revious by the famous Con- but his immediate depend- pon France, rendered by the presence of the arrison, which alone kept his position, made his

PIUS IX., POPE OF ROME.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

situation at once irritating and precarious. This was so well known to his discontented subjects, that upon the withdrawal of the Austrians from Ancona they revolted against his authority, and appointed a Provisional Government.

It was then that Louis Napoleon gave the Pope that excellent advice which that great monarch has proclaimed to the world in his famous letter to him of the 31st December. Upon the appearance of La Guerronnière's pamphlet, entitled the "Pope and the Congress," the Pope declined sending his Envoy to the Congress, and it appears he still retains that determination. That his temporal power is at end seems certain, since the united will of France and England will prove too strong for the decaying Powers that still cling to what the poet calls "an out-worn creed!"

There can be no doubt that many of the Pope's misfortunes proceed from the unpopularity of his Prime Minister, Cardinal Antonelli, one of the greatest monsters that ever abused the human shape. Personally, Pius IX. is a benevolent and weak man, fond of abstract theories, which are utterly impractical in this age of progress and scepticism. The massacre of Perugia, where some of our own citizens were murdered, has ineffaceably stamped upon his brow the brand of blood, and destroyed that sympathy which otherwise the generous ever feel for the last of a famous race.

BURNING OF JOSEPHINE FARREN, DANCER,

Volks Garten, Bowery.

THE deaths from burning of ladies connected with the theatre have of late years been very frequent. Miss Webster, in London, Adele Lehman of Niblo's, Mary Marsh, and now Josephine Farren, a pretty and popular *danseuse* of the Volks Garten, a German theatre in the Bowery, New York. It is a terrible proof of the necessity for some fireproof material for a ballet dress. She was performing on the tight-rope on Saturday, the 4th inst., when her dress touched one of the footlights, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. Several of the musicians in the orchestra sprang to her assistance and extinguished the flames, receiving some very severe burns themselves. The house being crowded, the utmost confusion and excitement prevailed, the audience fearing that the scenery would take fire, and thus destroy the building. The Tenth Ward police were soon on the spot, and through their praiseworthy and admirable

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THE STEAM RACE DOWN NEW YORK BAY.

One of the most exciting scenes that has happened for some time occurred on the 4th instant, when five large steamers sailed from the Empire City laden with freight and passengers. These were the Fulton for Havre, the Quaker City for Havana, the Augusta for Savannah, the Columbia for Charleston, and the Yorktown for Norfolk. Our artist has sketched three of them as they appeared at half past two on that afternoon, and a finer sight has seldom been seen. The day was bright, the waters of our noble Bay had a crystal appearance, the atmosphere was clear and bracing, and a fine breeze sent the sea foam dashing as though in sportive play against the bows of the noble steamers as they breasted their way through the briny deep. The sea gulls flew as little attendants about them, while at the mast heads of all streamed the Stars and Stripes. One of the vessels was gaily decorated with flags and streamers, and altogether the scene was most inspiriting. The huge ships realized to its fullest extent the glowing line of the poet—they walked the waters like to things of life. It was calculated to give to all a pleasant idea of the importance of the commercial metropolis of the Western World.

Our sketch represents the three Southern steamers as they appeared in their great steam race, being the Augusta bound for Savannah, the Columbia for Charleston, and the Yorktown for Norfolk. It was truly a strife of speed not easily forgotten.

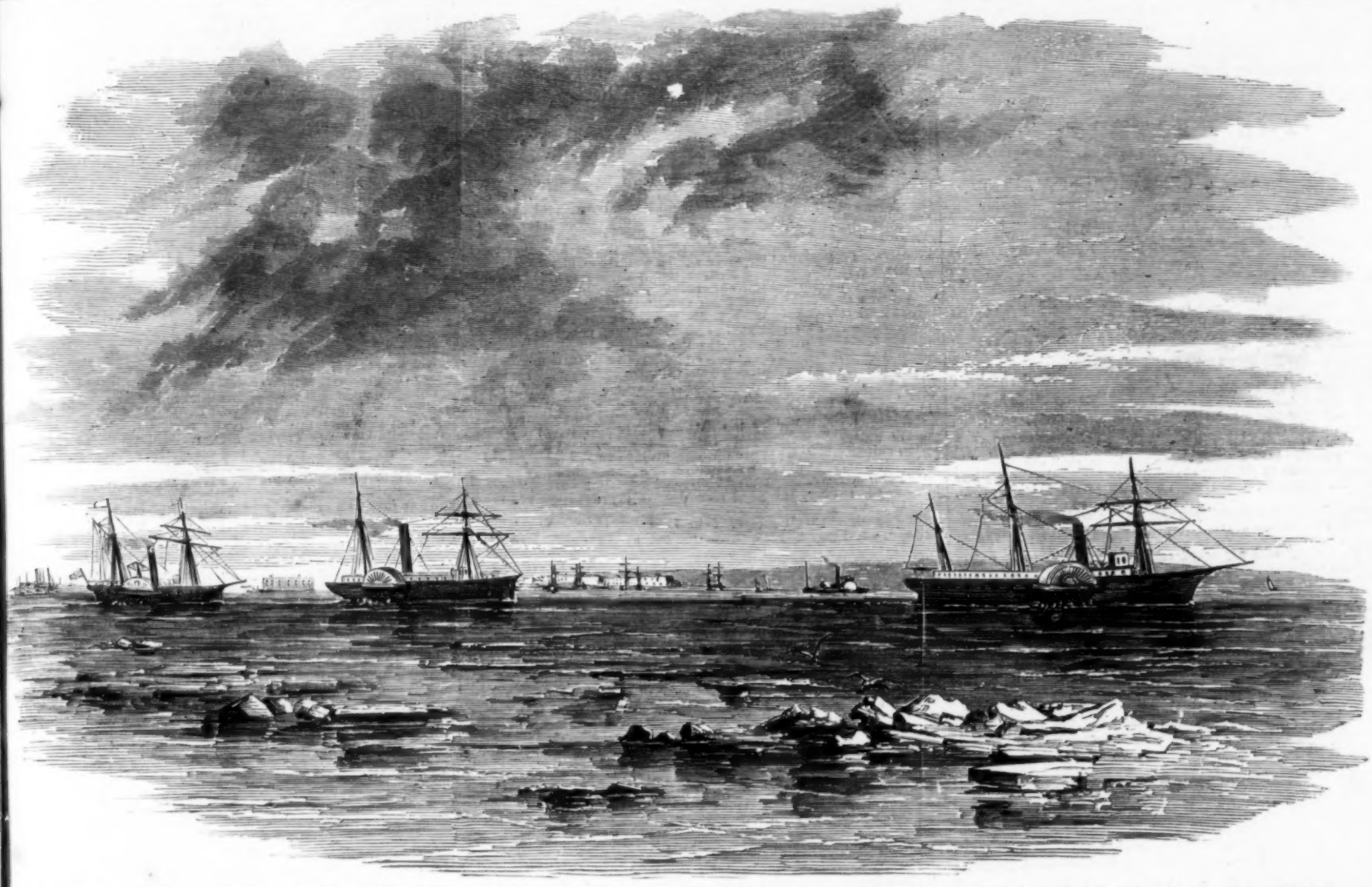
HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

The prominence lately assumed by the Pontiff in European affairs has induced us to present to our readers a portrait of the occupant of the Papal chair.

SONS OF MALTA—BRANDING THE CANDIDATE—"LET HIM BE BRANDED!" AND HE IS WITH—WHAT?

Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, who now rules the Roman Catholic Church, is the two hundred and fifty-ninth successor of Saint Peter, the Apostle who denied his master, a peculiarity which has been hereditary in the Apostolic succession ever since. He was born in Sinigaglia, in the marches of Ancona, on the 13th May, 1792. In his youth he was remarkable for the sweetness of his disposition and his active charity. In his eighteenth year he went to Rome for the purpose of entering the body guard of Pope Pius VII., but a constitutional infirmity disabling him from the military service, he exchanged the soldier's life for that of the ecclesiastical. He accordingly entered a religious seminary, and in due course was admitted into the priesthood. His piety was so conspicuous that he was appointed Chaplain in the Hospital of Fata Giovanni, an educational institute for orphans in Rome. He here attracted the attention of the Pope, and was sent to Chili, in South America, as auditor to Monsignore Muzi, the Vicar Apostolic of that place. When he returned to Rome he found the chair of Saint Peter filled by Leo XII., who appointed him Prelate of his Household, and President of the Great Hospital of San Michael, on the Ripa Grande. In his thirty-eighth year he was made Archbishop of Spoleto, from which, in 1832, he was transferred to that of Imola. In 1840 he was made Cardinal. On the death of Pope Gregory XVI., in 1846, he was elected to the vacant See, and solemnly crowned on the 21st June of that year. His first step was to grant a general amnesty to all political offenders, merely requiring a declaration from them of allegiance. Other measures of his led the world to believe that at

GHTLY BOUND



THE GREAT STEAMSHIP RACE BETWEEN THE SOUTHERN STEAMERS, AUGUSTA FOR SAVANNAH, COLUMBIA FOR CHARLESTON, AND THE YORKTOWN FOR NORFOLK, ON SATURDAY, FEB 4TH—THE START FROM NEW YORK.

he Pontificate was filled by who understood the inevitable c of events, and a general lice was celebrated in the rts of those who had long re- ded the Papal power as one nmitigated despotism. It would e been happy for Pius IX. had lied now, for then his memory ld have been one embalmed n hearts of posterity.

1848 the French expelled s Philippe, and proclaimed Republic. This excited the an people, and the Pope, un- nately misled by Austrian and politan councils, refusing to t certain reforms, was com- d to escape from the city in uise and took up his abode in a, a small town on the Neapo- frontiers. Immediately on rrival there he sent to Rome cree annulling all the acts of existing Government, and rseding it by a State Com- ion. The Romans, however, ed the edicts with contempt, e the Pope appealed to the ch Government to restore to power. General Oudinot consequently dispatched at the of a large French force, h, after a desperate resistance the Triumvirs, Avezzana (now rchant in New York), Mazzini Garibaldi, entered the Eternal in July, 1849. On the 14th , 1850, Pope Pius, escorted by politan troops, re-entered his al, amid the thunders of h cannon and the suppressed s of his people. A few months wards he was so unwise as to the deadly hostility of the h people, more especially Scotch, by his insolent at- t to exercise temporal power e United Kingdom. From our his downfal was certain. 54 he enunciated the doc- of the Immaculate Concep- a dogma which was not mously accepted by the n Catholics, thus creating, in the minds of those of his faith, a certain irritation, is producing its fruits. In he made a grand procession gh the States of the Church, as received everywhere with ent reverence and affection.

he breaking out of the war n France and Austria, the found himself very much in sition of the animal between bundles of hay. His sym- were strangely in favor of rman Sovereign, to whom shown his preference some previous by the famous Con- but his immediate depend- pon France, rendered by the presence of the arrison, which alone kept his position, made his

PIUS IX., POPE OF ROME.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

situation at once irritating and precarious. This was so well known to his discontented subjects, that upon the withdrawal of the Austrians from Ancona they revolted against his authority, and appointed a Provisional Government.

It was then that Louis Napoleon gave the Pope that excellent advice which that great monarch has proclaimed to the world in his famous letter to him of the 31st December. Upon the appearance of La Guerronnière's pamphlet, entitled the "Pope and the Congress," the Pope declined sending his Envoy to the Congress, and it appears he still retains that determination. That his temporal power is at end seems certain, since the united will of France and England will prove too strong for the decaying Powers that still cling to what the poet calls "an out-worn creed!"

There can be no doubt that many of the Pope's misfortunes proceed from the unpopularity of his Prime Minister, Cardinal Antonelli, one of the greatest monsters that ever abused the human shape. Personally, Pius IX. is a benevolent and weak man, fond of abstract theories, which are utterly impractic able in this age of progress and scepticism. The massacre of Perugia, where some of our own citizens were murdered, has ineffaceably stamped upon his brow the brand of blood, and destroyed that sympathy which otherwise the generous ever feel for the last of a famous race.

BURNING OF JOSEPHINE FARREN, DANCER,

Volks Garten, Bowery.

THE deaths from burning of ladies connected with the theatre have of late years been very frequent. Miss Webster, in London, Adele Lehman of Niblo's, Mary Marsh, and now Josephine Farren, a pretty and popular *danseuse* of the Volks Garten, a German theatre in the Bowery, New York. It is a terrible proof of the necessity for some fireproof material for a ballet dress. She was performing on the tight-rope on Saturday, the 4th inst., when her dress touched one of the footlights, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. Several of the musicians in the orchestra sprang to her assistance and extinguished the flames, receiving some very severe burns themselves. The house being crowded, the utmost confusion and excitement prevailed, the audience fearing that the scenery would take fire, and thus destroy the building. The Tenth Ward police were soon on the spot, and through their praiseworthy and admirable

arrangements the spectators were safely dismissed. Upon taking the unfortunate lady to her home, 85 Forsyth street, her burns were found to be so severe as to preclude all hope of her recovery, and despite the utmost efforts of her medical attendants, she died the following day. This is a case which calls on the benevolence of the public, as she supported her mother and younger sisters by her exertions, and was in every respect a praiseworthy young woman.

THE MYSTERY;

OR, THE

GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

As Colonel Grey had no other residence in town than chambers, it was arranged that he and his niece should become the guests of John Compton, who proffered his house so cordially that it was unhesitatingly accepted. Great was the astonishment of the old housekeeper, who for so many years had presided over his establishment, at the number of her master's visitors. Had she been informed previously of his intentions, the probabilities are she would have ventured to remonstrate. An occasional dinner-party to a few bachelor friends she did not particularly object to; but ladies, who would doubtless expect her to wait upon them—— The world was coming to an end!

"I really don't know where I am to put them, sir," she observed. "The bed furniture of the blue chamber has been taken down and sent to the scourers; there are no blinds in the damask room, and——"

"Colonel Grey is a soldier," interrupted the broker, good humoredly, for he entertained a great respect for Mrs. Bailey, "and can sleep anywhere."

"It's the *ladies*," with a marked emphasis upon the word, "that I'm thinking of."

"Only one will remain," said her master.

"The lady with the child, sir?" inquired Mrs. Bailey, who was shrewdly suspected of being an old maid, and the Mrs. only brevet rank.

"No; Lady Fairclough."

It was astonishing how completely during the last few days John Compton had forgotten business; the rates of exchange, the fluctuations of the markets, foreign correspondence, and colonial goods were as completely ignored as though he had only occasionally heard of such things, instead of having made them the study of his life. As we before stated, he began to feel something like affection for Philip Blandford, and regretted more than ever that he had not been christened John.

Like ourselves, the worthy broker considered John a very excellent name, despite the unjust prejudice generally entertained against it.

Milly, too, and her child had deeply interested him. Hitherto, like most old bachelors, he had entertained a most decided antipathy to babies, but somehow the little innocent had contrived to conquer his aversion. Perhaps it was by clutching his fingers and smiling in his face, when, to please the youthful mother, he chucked its dimpled chin.

Despite her natural timidity in the house of the house-dwellers, poor Milly could not repress her impatience to rejoin the husband from whom she had been torn—the father of her child whom she still loved, because she believed him worthy of her affection. She did not venture to express her anxiety in words, but her tears and imploring looks spoke eloquently for her.

The heart of the city man was touched by their mute appeal.

"Refresh yourself, and in an hour," he said, "we will start."

A cry of joy, wild as a long imprisoned bird released from its cage, broke from the lips of the gipsy mother, and she timidly kissed his hand.

During the whole course of his life—a thing had never occurred to John Compton before. His hand received many a rough, honest shake, and, probably, a few soft, deceitful ones, but a kiss! it quite bewildered him.

"There, nonsense!" he said. "'Thank you' would have done as well. Not that I am angry," he added, seeing that Milly looked confused, "only such demonstrations are not usual in what is called civilised life."

"But you have acted as a father to me," replied the gipsy girl. "Alas! I never knew my own."

The broker repeated the word "father" to himself, and secretly wished that he had a child like her to love to crown his age with blessings. He was rich, very rich; his name great in the mart; his signature unquestioned on 'Change; but at that moment he felt something very like contempt for his money-bags.

Many a man finds himself muttering *cui bono?* when it is too late.

Within the hour the chaise was at the door, and he started with his guest and her infant for Richmond.

As they approached Kew, Milly began to recognise the neighborhood. She had never wandered far from Woodbine Cottage, the only home, in the proper sense of the word, she had ever known, for the tents of her people could scarcely be called one, and her excitement increased.

"Will he be at home? will he be unchanged or angry with me?" she repeatedly asked herself; and when the vehicle drew up at the well-known door her agitation grew so fearful that her protector was obliged to support her from the chaise.

With a cry of surprise the servant rushed upon the lawn to inform her master.

Milly followed, and in an instant lay panting and sobbing in the arms of her betrayer.

It must have been a cold heart indeed that could have gazed upon so much loveliness or received such proofs of affection unmoved. For an instant Sir Aubrey felt touched, and as he pressed her in his arms whispered the name of his son.

"Safe!" murmured the delighted mother, "safe! Am I not here? Think you I could have abandoned him?"

The baronet smiled. The boy was evidently dear either to his heart or his interests. In one so full of schemes—who calculated every chance in the game of life—it would be difficult to decide which.

"How came you to leave me?"

"Torn from you. I went in search of our child. Kaled——"

At that name, a frown and a look of doubt rested on the features of her husband.

Milly read his thoughts, and a deep blush suffused her pale and tear-stained visage.

"Pure as when I became your bride," she exclaimed, fixing her dark eyes upon his; "pure as the angels you used to tell me of when love was young. They might have killed me—torn me in pieces—but never made me unworthy of your affection," she added solemnly.

Strange to say, the libertine, with all his experience of the world, which, after all, but serves to make the heart sick, believed her.

"Come to the house," he said; "I long to see my boy, and hear by what happy chance you escaped your persecutor."

"Yes, yes; there is one, too, whom you must thank—the friend who conducted me here. The good old man has been a father to me."

Supposing that it was some countryman, or one of the elders of her own tribe to whom she alluded, Sir Aubrey suffered himself to be led by his victim to the house, where John Compton was waiting to see him. The worthy man felt an unusual amount of curiosity to behold her husband.

For several minutes they gazed upon each other in silence, confusion in the countenance of the discovered deceiver, scorn and indignation in the honest features of the broker.

"Why do you not bless and thank him?" said Milly, wondering at the silence of her betrayer.

"Is this Mr. Harley?" inquired the old man, deliberately.

"Yes."

"Poor girl! poor girl!"

The eyes of the gipsy wandered first to the face of the speaker, then to those of the baronet. As they rested on the latter, a cold shudder ran through her veins. She saw the man whom she believed superior to all created beings—the master of her heart—the idol of its deep and passionate worship—cowering, like a guilty thing, beneath the glance of her benefactor.

"Mr. Compton," said the baronet, "this is neither the time nor place for an explanation of my conduct; spare her, whatever may be your opinion of me."

John Compton had a severe struggle between pity and what he felt to be his duty. Duty at last prevailed, and he pronounced her name.

"No, no! do not speak to me!" exclaimed Milly; "you are about to make me wretched."

"I must tell you the truth," said the broker. "Harley is not the name of him you call 'my husband'."

"If it be that—if it be only that!" thought the trembling mother.

"More. He is already married to another."

"Say that he lies!" shrieked Milly Moyne, clasping her destroyer round the neck, "and I will believe you; that he is mad, or I soon shall be. Married! What, then, am I? You have never been so vile and heartless," she added. "Did you not swear to me that I was your wife by the laws of the house-dwellers?"

"If he has really married you," observed the broker, "he has committed a felony, and my niece will be well rid of him."

"Begone, sir!" said the baronet; "quit my house this instant, lest I forget the difference of our years!"

"Pooh, man," interrupted John Compton, "you can't frighten me. I have told you the truth, Milly—you see he can't deny it; and now I tell you why I told you. I would prevent you from sinking into the degraded thing which the world—ignorant of the arts by which you fell—already considers you. Leave that man before satiety induces him to abandon you, as he has abandoned his previous victims—leave him whilst you can still look in the face of your child with tears and regrets, but without a blush. Add not sin to sorrow."

"Would you quit me for the only deceit my affection ever practised?" whispered the tempter in her ear, speaking in the language of her childhood. "What are the laws, prejudices and injustices of the house-dwellers to us? We can love, and despise them."

"Send him away," murmured Milly, sinking into his arms, "send him away! Let not the good man witness my weakness and my shame."

Finding his counsels useless, John Compton quitted Woodbine Cottage, his heart filled with indignation at the conduct of Sir Aubrey, and pity for his victim.

"Better stick to business," he muttered to himself, as he returned to London. "This comes of having a heart to feel for others."

Oliver Brandreth's first thought on his return home was to remind his aunt, as soon as the first greetings were over, of her promise to show him the portrait of his mother.

"I cannot describe to you," he said, "how anxious I am to see it. I have been thinking, dreaming of it lately. It appears as if a lapse in memory had been suddenly filled—that in my sleep I beheld my parent."

"Not to night," replied Mrs. Dalton, with a sigh; "you are fatigued with your journey. Wait till the morning, when rest will have restored you."

"And you will not again put me off with excuses?"

"No; I promise you faithfully," said the lady. "Come to me in the morning; you will find me in my boudoir."

There was a seriousness, amounting to solemnity, in the tone and manner of the speaker that excited the curiosity of our hero, who asked if the miniature she spoke of was the only likeness of his mother?

"I believe so."

"Then why does not my father keep it?"

His aunt remained silent.

"There is some mystery attached to it," he added.

"There is a melancholy interest attached to all such memorials," observed Mrs. Dalton evasively.

To these words, which sank into his young heart deeply, Oliver Brandreth made no reply. In the fulness of his confidence he had frequently expressed to Major Henderson the pain he felt at the silence observed by his father and relatives respecting his mother and had not forgotten the kind earnestness with which his tutor advised him to wait patiently till time should explain the reason of their reserve upon the subject.

He felt assured there was a mystery, and the words of Mrs. Dalton confirmed his suspicions.

It was, therefore, with a beating heart that on the following morning he entered the boudoir of his aunt. He found her seated before an antique cabinet, whose contents had frequently excited his curiosity in his childish days.

As her nephew approached, the lady rose from her seat, and silently placed a miniature, attached to a black riband, in his hand.

With a cry of delight he pressed it to his lips.

CHAPTER XXI.

"My mother!" murmured our hero, pressing the portrait repeatedly to his lips. "How beautiful!—how good she must have been! What tenderness and sweetness dwell in those eyes!—what purity and truth upon that brow! an angel's could not have been more fair! It is an angel's now," he added, with a sigh. "How I should have loved her! How proud my heart would have been of such a parent, had she been spared me. She would never have doubted me."

"Come and sit near to me," said his aunt. "It is a painful task that I have undertaken."

"Painful!" repeated Oliver Brandreth; "you have gratified the feeling dearest to me—opened a page in my existence I feared closed for ever. Thank you; thank you. This is indeed a treasure. How old was I when my poor mother died?"

Mrs. Dalton hesitated, and appeared embarrassed.

"I must have been very young," continued her nephew, "or I must have remembered some trace of her dear features. They would have haunted me in my sleep."

Struck by her silence, the youth raised his eyes from the miniature to the face of his relative; it was bathed in tears.

"You loved her?" he observed.

"Dearly," replied his aunt; "she was my earliest friend. It was through me my brother first beheld her."

"I can understand my father's sorrow now," exclaimed her nephew. "Such a loss leaves a void no after love can fill. It is sad to think that the birth of his son should have filled his heart with sorrow."

"The death of your mother, Oliver, did not occur at the period you allude to," observed his relative. "I am happy at being able to remove that painful impression from your mind."

"I have always been led to believe it did," replied our hero, with surprise.

"No."

"There was a motive, then, for deceiving me?"

The lady remained silent.

"Aunt," said the youth, taking her by the hand and looking long and earnestly in her face, "you spoke but now of having undertaken a painful task—explain those words—there is a mystery in them. To a nature kind and gentle such as yours there must be something to wring my heart or try my fortitude to justify them. The mere fact of your showing me my mother's portrait does not do so, for that could only afford pleasure to her son. Do not trifle with me," he continued, in tones in which agitation and feeling struggled for mastery. "I may be a boy in years, but I have the endurance, the courage of a man."

"There is something to be explained," answered Mrs. Dalton, "which will require all your firmness to bear. Form no rash conclusions, but hear me patiently to the end, and remember that it is your parents you are about to judge."

Oliver Brandreth turned exceedingly pale.

"Your mother and myself were early friends—sisters in everything but the name, for our early years were passed in each other's society. It would have been strange if I had not loved her; never were sweetness, gentleness, and those qualities which win the heart more apparent in any human being than in Adelaide Vavasseur, who, left an orphan at an early age to the guardianship of her aunt, frequently exchanged the dull, faded splendor of Rockingham Hall for the cheerful society of the rectory.

"Rockingham Hall?" interrupted her hearer.

"I do not wonder at your surprise," observed Mrs. Dalton; "I could scarcely conceal my own when you related your adventures. Yes, Oliver, the desolate mansion in which you and your companion found shelter was the home of your mother's childhood. Would I could say that it was a happy one—unfortunately, such was not the case. Adelaide was rich, very rich, and her guardian, the dowager Lady Vavasseur, destined her to become the wife of her cousin, Sir Cuthbert, the present baronet, whose father's extravagance had left him little more than an empty title—the family estates being cruelly cut up and mortgaged.

"Perhaps," continued the speaker, "Adelaide might have liked her cousin had she not been so cruelly persecuted on his account. Her guardian most unwisely, as it turned out, secluded her from all society where there was the least chance of meeting any one likely to interfere with her long-cherished project, and only permitted her to visit at the rectory during your father's absence. When he returned home the visits were prohibited—a circumstance which naturally excited the curiosity of your father. My enthusiastic praises of my charming friend increased it, and, sailor-like, he determined to see her. How he accomplished his enterprise I never learnt, for soon afterwards I became a wife, and accompanied my husband on foreign service.

"Great was my astonishment," continued Mrs. Dalton, "on hearing, a few months after my departure, that Adelaide and my brother were married. Lady Vavasseur felt the downfall of her projects keenly; but her anger, violent as it was, appeared mildness itself compared with the rage and bitterness of her son. Independent of any mercenary views, Sir Cuthbert was, I believe, deeply attached to his cousin, and regretted the loss of her affection more than the disappointment of her fortune, which, according to his manœuvring mother's plans, was to redeem the mortgages upon the family estates."

Oliver Brandreth listened attentively, but somewhat impatiently, to every word that fell from the lips of the speaker; he seemed to feel that it was but the prologue to some deeply interesting drama in which his parents had been the principal actors.

"And now, my dear boy," continued his relative, "the part of this sad history which follows is so extraordinary, so incomprehensible to me, and to all who knew your mother, that it is with difficulty I can persuade myself it really occurred. Rumors became current in Bath—where Mrs. Brandreth resided—that, after her visits to certain shops in the place, articles of trifling value had been missed. It was some time before the report gained credit, for she was known to be rich—my brother having settled every shilling of her fortune upon herself."

"Before it gained credit?" repeated her nephew, his countenance flushing with indignation. "Did it ever obtain credit? Could any one be found vile enough to believe it?"

"The world is not very charitable in its judgments," observed the kind-hearted woman, with a sigh.

"And my father? Did not he——"

"Your father was absent," interrupted his aunt. "On his arrival at Portsmouth two letters awaited him—one announcing your birth, which had taken place in his absence, the other informing him that his wife was generally suspected of being a thief."

Our hero sprang from the chair beside her in a state of agitation too strong to be controlled.

"Name the wretch who wrote the envenomed lie," he exclaimed. "If earth yet holds him I will seek him out. Boy as I am, he shall answer to me for his atrocious calumny. A thief! God," he added, pressing the miniature to his lips, "could any one who had ever gazed upon the face of my dear mother believe the monstrous slander? But I rave," he added; "scorn and contempt render me unjust to my father; it was his privilege to vindicate the innocence of his wife, and well, no doubt, did he perform the task."

"He was about to proceed at once to Bath with that intention," said Mrs. Dalton, "when your mother arrived in Portsmouth. She had left her home—fled to him to avoid a warrant which had been issued against her on a charge of stealing a gold chain and locket from the shop of a jeweller."

"Monstrous!"

"The chain was found in her dressing-case," added his aunt.

"Some wretch must have placed it there, then," replied her nephew, with unshaken confidence. "I see it all," he added, his voice trembling with emotion. "My dear, wronged parent lived to see her honor cleared, then died of a broken heart."

"Oliver," said his aunt, placing her hand upon his arm, "you know how strict is your father's sense of honor, and can imagine the agony that wrung his proud heart at such an accusation?"

"Yes, yes!"

"The evidence appeared so conclusive."

"To those who did not know or had never seen my mother, possibly."

"The disgrace was so public."

"More so than the reparation?" demanded the youth.

"In the first transports of his passion, Captain Brandreth reproached his wife bitterly for the dishonor she had brought upon his name, and declared he would never see her more."

"What!" shrieked our hero, "reproached, where she should have been sustained? Doubted, where he should have trusted? Where should the wife fly for protection, but to her husband's side? And he, my own father, to have abandoned her!—broken her heart—driven from him the helpless being who fled to him in love and innocence, as the frightened dove to its ark of safety. He to thrust her forth! And you," he added, "who are gentleness and goodness, to call this frantic feeling honor. I declare it to be——"

"Oliver," interrupted Mrs Dalton, gravely, "you are speaking of your father."

"Pardon me," replied the agitated boy, dashing aside his tears, "I was thinking only of my poor mother then. Had I been a man," he added, gazing fondly on the portrait, "she should not have been without a protector."

"Mrs. Brandreth returned to her home," continued the narrator of this unhappy history, deeply moved by the passionate grief of her young favorite.

"To die! to die like the stricken deer within its lair!" murmured her hearer.

"No! to clasp her son once more, but by your father's directions, mademoiselle, who, it seems, acted admirably in these distressing circumstances, had had you already removed."

"She, too, must have joined in the conspiracy," muttered her nephew.

"You are unjust to that very excellent person," observed his aunt, somewhat angrily.

"Possibly," exclaimed Oliver. "I can now understand my father's doubts of me, and the indignant feeling that revolted within my heart at his injustice. It was my mother's blood protesting against his cruelty to her memory in her child. Oh, that she had lived to witness how well her son will vindicate and avenge her!"

"Suppose—mark me, I only say suppose—that the parent you so love still lived, what would you do to clear her fame?"

"Hunt out her enemies—trace, with patient perseverance, each clue to the horrible machinations against her honor, and drag the culprits to justice!" exclaimed the youth. "Do not smile at me. I am no longer a boy. My mother's wrongs have made a man of me."

"Poor Adelaide!" sighed Mrs. Dalton. "Would she could hear your words!"

"She does!" answered Oliver Brandreth, solemnly, at the same time pointing towards Heaven.

"I meant on earth."

"On earth! You speak in riddles, aunt. On earth! What mean you? Can it be that——; but no—the supposition is too wild and improbable even for a dream; and yet," added the speaker, throwing his arms around her neck, "you are too good to torture me."

"Can you be firm?" whispered his relative, greatly moved.

"As the rock!—as the rock! It is suspense that wrings me."

"Dear, noble boy. It is possible that the mother you so deeply mourn still lives. There! there!" she added, kissing his pale brow; "is this your promise?—this your firmness?"

"Lives!" gasped her nephew; "and I for years have been kept a stranger from her, robbed of her smile, her kiss, her blessing!—how my heart beats at the thought that they may still be mine!—robbed of them by the injustice of my father," he added, bitterly.

"You must not judge him," observed the lady, greatly moved.

"I will pray not to do so," he replied. "I will pray not to do so. But where," he added—"give me some clue to her retreat that I may seek it with such reverence and love as pilgrim steps approach the martyr's shrine!"

"There, Oliver," said his aunt, "my information ends. On my return to England I represented to my brother that he had acted unwisely——"

"Unwisely! Well, go on."

"Vainly he sought an interview; it was kindly but firmly refused."

"Did that look like guilt?" demanded our hero.

"Your father thought so, but I knew the friend of my girlhood too well, Oliver, even for one instant to give credit to such a supposition."

"Bless you, bless you, for those words!" exclaimed the excited

TIGHTLY BOUND

youth, pressing her hand. "Yes, you—you could understand her."

There was a bitterness in the marked emphasis upon the word "you" that did not escape the observation of Mrs. Dalton, although she thought it better to let it pass unnoticed.

"I have been equally disappointed in my endeavors to obtain an interview with my unhappy friend," she continued. "Once, and only once, did I receive any answer to the numerous letters forwarded through her banker. It was brief, and to the following effect:

'When my name is vindicated, or when I am on my deathbed.'

This refusal has not prevented my writing yearly, Oliver, to your unhappy parent; being myself a mother, I could read a mother's heart. I have described you to her, and—you remember the miniature you sat for?"

"Yes."

"I told you I wished to have it for a bracelet."

"True."

"The bracelet was forwarded to Mrs. Brandreth, but only through her banker; for no entreaties, and they have been repeatedly urged, could ever obtain her address."

"I will obtain it!" replied the youth. "And now, aunt—dear, kind aunt," he added, "leave me, I entreat you, for awhile to myself. I have need of reflection—time to collect my scattered thoughts—to decide upon what steps duty, honor and affection command that I should take."

"You forget that you are about to proceed to Malta to join your father," observed Mrs. Dalton, anxiously.

"Perhaps!" replied her nephew. "Perhaps!"

The kind-hearted woman, sympathising with his feelings more deeply than she thought it prudent to express, quitted the room, leaving him to his own reflections.

"Living!" murmured Oliver. "What music that one little word makes to my ear. I must see her; it will break my heart unless the wish be gratified."

For several minutes he remained silently gazing on the portrait, which he pressed once more to his lips and then placed it round his neck.

Two hours after the interview we have described, Oliver Brandreth rejoined Mrs. Dalton in the drawing-room. His handsome features were still pale, and bore evident traces of recent agitation; but there was a calm and resolute expression in them that rendered her uneasy.

"I have made up my mind, aunt," he said, "not to proceed to Malta."

Mademoiselle Marelli, who was giving her little pupil her lesson in French, looked up from the book upon the table before her with surprise.

"That's right, stay with us," exclaimed Isabel, clapping her hands for joy. "Stay at home with mamma and me."

"*Fi donc!*" uttered the governess, reprovingly.

"O well," said the child, impatiently, "I like cousin Oliver to stay, and have made up my mind to cry my eyes out if he leaves us again."

"I feared this," observed his aunt. "Have you reflected on the consequences of your father's anger?"

"I have reflected only on my duty," replied the youth, "and shall lay the conclusion I have come to before him candidly and without reserve. I shall be sorry, very sorry, if the resolution I have taken should offend him, but it will not change it. I have a holier duty to perform than even submission to his will—to clear my mother's fame and drag the foul conspiracy to light."

Mademoiselle Marelli turned very pale; possibly it was the heat of the room, for she almost immediately rose and opened the window.

"You see," whispered Mrs. Dalton, "how the slightest allusion to Mrs. Brandreth affects her."

"I do perceive it," observed Oliver drily.

"She has an excellent heart."

To this comment he made no reply, but shortly afterwards quitted the room, having promised to call upon his friend Phil, who still remained at the house of his guardian.

"Madame, madame! what have you done?" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, as soon as he was out of hearing.

The lady looked as if she did not perfectly comprehend this exclamation.

"He is so impetuous," added mademoiselle, "and shall run himself into troubles with the captain, who will be very angry."

Despite the long years she had resided in London, the speaker frequently confused will and shall—a common error with her countrymen and women in speaking English.

"I am perfectly aware of my brother's feelings on the subject," observed Mrs. Dalton, somewhat coolly, "and have acted upon my own judgment and responsibility in making my nephew acquainted with the existence of his mother."

The Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders.

After this declaration, mademoiselle had nothing more to say, but the mischief was already done. For the first time, Mrs. Dalton asked herself whether Isabel and Oliver's antipathy to her were quite so unreasonable as at one time she had imagined it.

When our hero arrived at the residence of Mr. Compton, he found the worthy broker about to attend at Guildhall—his chief clerk, Baines, having brought a charge of robbery against Randal Rand.

"Robbery!" repeated Oliver, indignantly. "I don't believe a word of it."

"Nor I," said Phil, who invariably agreed with his friend.

His guardian remained silent; he evidently felt annoyed, and could not conceal it; and yet it was not the loss of the money that vexed him—the amount he knew could not be very great; it was the chill his returning confidence and interest in humanity had received by the ingratitude of the act.

"I can understand your confidence," said the old man at last. "At your age, possibly, I might have felt the same. No, I rather think not," he added, musingly, "for I had then been in business a year, and it is extraordinary what a number of illusions the city dispels."

"You believe this charge, then?"

"I am afraid I do," replied the gentleman, "but will act as if I did not. He shall have fair play for your sake."

"Thank you," exclaimed our hero. "May we accompany you?"

"If you please."

The distance was not very great between Guildhall and the private residence of the broker, and they all three arrived there in time to see the prisoner brought in by the officers. On recognising his employer and the two youths, a smile mantled over his pale features.

John Compton regarded him sternly, whilst Oliver, without an instant's hesitation, held out his hand to him.

The prisoner grasped it gratefully, and tears stood in his eyes.

"You should have waited," whispered the former.

"Till his innocence is proved? Where would have been the friendship or confidence in shaking hands with him then?"

"Umph!"

This was an ejaculation the broker was in the habit of indulging in when either pleased or displeased, consequently it was not always easy to understand what he really meant by it.

Baines, the head clerk, on entering the witness-box, appeared exceedingly nervous and excited. His employer, who placed unlimited confidence in his integrity, encouraged him by a friendly smile.

"Mr. Compton," he stated, on being sworn, "had been absent several days from town, leaving me in charge. The prisoner being new to the business of the office, I had him in the private room with me, in order to keep him under my own eye."

"Had you any suspicion of his honesty?" inquired the presiding Alderman.

"Not exactly suspicion," answered the clerk, "but a doubt."

Randal smiled.

"I had occasion to leave the office; on my return I found to my astonishment that the key had been removed from the iron safe. No one could have removed it but the prisoner."

"Had anything been abstracted?"

"I believe so; but till the contents of the safe can be examined, it is impossible to swear to what amount. Had not my respected employer returned, I should have been obliged to have had the doors forced. Business at a standstill."

"The charge, as it at present stands, is simply that of stealing the key," observed the magistrate.

"Nothing more," said the witness, faintly.

"Prisoner, have you any statement to make?"

"A very brief one," answered the young man. "In the first place, I confess to having secreted the key of the safe."

Oliver could not repress a start of surprise, but a look at the speaker reassured him. Never had he seen any one appear more unembarrassed or less like a criminal.

"And where have you secreted it?" demanded the alderman, himself the head of a large firm, and, consequently, fully alive to the enormity of the offence.

"I decline to answer that question at present," replied Randall Rand, respectfully; "I must first put a question or two to my employer.

"Has Mr. Baines, sir, the right of signing bills or cheques for you?"

Certainly not," exclaimed John Compton.

"Then I have acted wisely," said the prisoner, with a glance of scorn at the witness.

"Wisely!" repeated the alderman, indignantly.

"I think it will appear so," observed the accused. "I had heard the clerks in the outer office wonder how Mr. Baines could possibly conduct the business, not having the signature of the house. During his absence I had occasion to go to his desk, to get the letter-book. Great was my astonishment at finding in it a piece of blotting-paper which proved that he had been copying the signature. I held it to the little looking-glass in the room, and read it distinctly—'John Compton,' several times repeated. The blotting-paper must have been passed over the writing whilst it was still wet."

Every eye in court was turned upon Mr. Baines, whose features were almost convulsed by shame and terror.

"This," continued the speaker, "induced me to look into his private desk. I found six bills endorsed. I had only a moment to decide between making a powerful enemy of the head clerk, if my suspicions proved unfounded, or of acting for the interests of my employer. I chose the latter, placed the bills, blotting-paper and all, in the iron safe and removed the key."

"It is false!" exclaimed Mr. Baines.

"Did I not offer to give it up if you only proved to me that you had authority from Mr. Compton to use his signature?"

"No; nothing of the kind," faltered the clerk.

"Young man," said the alderman, "the statement you have made can only be believed on being verified. The safe must be opened in the presence of witnesses, and if the bills and blotting-paper should be found as you have described, why then——"

"I am sure they will!" cried Oliver, joyfully.

The magistrate looked exceedingly indignant in the direction from whence the voice proceeded, whilst the officers called sharply for silence

The prisoner, closely guarded, the accuser, John Compton, and the two youths, proceeded at once to the office in Market-lane. During their ride, the broker never uttered a word; his faith in his old servant, if not destroyed, was terribly shaken.

"Now," said the officer, when they were all assembled in the private room where the enormous iron safe stood, "where is the key?"

"I dropped it behind the oak skirting," replied Randal.

The boarding was quickly torn down, to search for it; when not only the key, but letters addressed to Baines, from various parties with whom he had speculated upon 'Change—some demanding payment, others threatening exposure—were discovered. The wretched man had dropped them behind the skirting-board, little dreaming they would ever be brought to light.

On opening the safe the proofs were found, as the prisoner had stated, and not only his innocence of any dishonesty established beyond the shadow of a doubt, but it was proved that, by his promptitude and decision, he had saved his employer a very serious loss.

On returning to Guildhall, Baines changed places with Randal Rand, who was honorably discharged, and his accuser fully committed.

"You shall not suffer for your probity," exclaimed the broker, as he shook him by the hand; "I will see to that."

"I am repaid already, sir," answered the young man, with a look of gratitude towards Oliver Brandreth; "he did not doubt me!"

"Umph!" muttered John Compton; "that boy seems always in the right."

"Because I listen to my heart and not my head."

"Bad habit in business," replied the broker; "bad habit in business."

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

February 8th.

THE reception at the President's, on Tuesday night last, was the most largely attended of the season so far. It was a decided success—a triumphant hit—as the playbills say. The recent political successes of those who have been opposed to him did not tend to keep our Chief Magistrate's temper in the balmiest condition, and the attention thus paid to him by his friends and admirers, in addition to those who call at the White House through curiosity, was all the more welcome at this especial period. It had a soothing as well as an enlivening effect. Mr. Buchanan never smiled more pleasantly. If the words of the song

"Oh, smile as thou wert wont to smile,"

had been directed particularly to him, and he had particularly directed his attention to a compliance with the lyrical request, he could not have succeeded better, and such a smile would be regarded as among the most illustrious evidences of the persuasive power of poetry. Its radiance was felt all around, and harmonized in thought even people of widely differing views. Wallack, in the *Star*, reflects the cordial effulgence of that smile, and Ben Perley Poore, in the *States* and *Union*, bows before its "informal and truly democratic manner." I have not seen the organ, but have no doubt but that the smile judiciously pervaded the *Constitution* of Browne. The President was very cheery and conversational, having a sententious word for the statesman, and many a gallant speech for the fair; in one instance, his tone took the shape of a promissory note, when he pleasantly guaranteed a husband to Miss Lind, a young and fair Vermonter, before her return home.

Miss Lane, in her simple toilette of white muslin and flowers, looked remarkably prepossessing, and received the visitors with becoming dignity and ease. Close to the lady of the White House were Mrs. Judge Wayne and daughter, and among those who attracted attention by their beauty, their wit, or their toilettes, were Mrs. General Gaines, who, notwithstanding the cares to which her active mind has been subjected, seems only to grow youthful and vivacious by activity. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, Mrs. Jackson, of Georgia, Mrs. Warder and Miss Halstead, both of New York, the latter itemized here as "by not a few voted the belle of the evening," Mrs. Yulee, of Florida, Mrs. Weston, of Illinois, Miss Edes, of Georgetown, Mrs. Davis, of Mississippi, and Mrs. Gwin, of California. The Cabinet and diplomatic corps were strongly represented. The venerable Cass was on the best of terms with the accredited counterfeits of all the majesties of the world, especially with those talking through the mouths of Baron Stoeckel, the Chevalier Hulseman, Lord Lyons and Baron Geroldt, as well as with all the shaky or stout republics represented by the Matas, Molinas, and their brethren from Central and South America. Secretary Cobb was in as good a humor as if he had just been reading "Georgia Scenes." His portly body was snugly ensconced in a blue coat of the Webster style, such a one as "Ion" Kingman wears at special dinner parties. Secretaries Toucey and Thompson, and Postmaster General Holt, were looking as amiable as possible, though rumor has it here, and will insist upon it, that there is a terrible flare-up in the Cabinet, and that Holt threatens to resign if Cook is not removed from the Chicago Post Office.

Rumor also says that the President could better let go his Holt than do without his Cook, the latter having won the Chicago office by turning traitor to Douglas, and being in possession of all the secrets connected with the Administration Opposition to the Illinois Democracy in 1858. Among the Senators present were noticeable the thin, bony figure of Clark, of New Hampshire, the sturdy frame of Wilson, of Massachusetts, and the jolly body of Preston King, of New York, persistent opponents of Democracy in general, and the Administration Democracy in particular. Of men of more renown there was a good share—men like Jefferson Davis and Joe Lane, Mexican heroes together, and now rival candidates for Presidential honors; and Brown, of Mississippi, and Hammond, of South Carolina, also in the latter category. Then there were the blunt but able Toombs, of Georgia, and Clingman, who, by the way, wrote the letter of a "Southern Senator" published over a week ago in the *Herald*, rather disclaiming Southern sympathy with Pryor's denunciation of the editor of that paper. Clingman has written an explanatory letter to the Virginia member, and says, I understand, that the letter in the *Herald* was not intended for publication, and was interpolated in New York, so as to change in some degree its meaning. "Ah, ha!" say some very knowing fellows, "ah ha! and that was the payment Bennett took for publishing Clingman's speech in full, was it?" How should I know? Let's pass on. Literature and science had its representatives in Professor Felton, of Harvard College; Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, and Lieutenant Maury, of the National Observatory; art in the venerably picturesque physiognomy of King, who many years ago was a painter; and journalism, in addition to those indicated above, by Browne, of the *Constitution*; Dr. Wallis, of the *Herald*, and the mysterious-looking character known as "Occasional," of the Philadelphia *Press*. A strange trio are these last mentioned individuals. They form a fraternity of weak eyes. Browne is tall and portly, mild in manner (except when you make a joke on the wonderful health of the President, notwithstanding the weakness of his Constitution), and is near-sighted, dealing largely in the use of his glass—eye-glass, my suspicious interlocutor. Wallis is a square-shouldered, medium-sized scribe, with a strong querulous face, half-covered with a tough beard, and moustaches of a browny gray tint, and weak eyes, requiring the aid of spectacles. "Occasional" is a very strange and *outré* being. People are here now who remember him as a very thin youth, breakfasting on fresh figs and milk, sucking juleps all the noon at the Verandah Hotel, and smoking all through the night in New Orleans. Now he is of the same build as Howell Cobb, only twice as fat, and unwieldy in his movements. How he managed to get fat is a mystery; he surely did not do so by writing for the papers. He rarely walks, but allows a couple of horses to do that business for him, while he sits in the cosy carriage behind them. Almost daily you can see him in the gallery of the Senate or House, and when in the latter he sits just beside (half hid by) the large clock fronting the Speaker's chair. I was once at his "c ib" at Bladensburg, but did not guess while he was pumping me in so bland a manner that I was helping to make his reputation by giving him a chance to anticipate me in the publication of some important Government news. I never knew until the week back that he was "Occasional." He is very genial, but will not bear much contradiction. His eyes are also obscured by a pair of spectacles—blue spectacles, which I really believe he wears to conceal their expression. Browne says—"The old scamp can see well enough—better than I can, a long sight."

While the House was in a disorganized state, it was a favorite topic with gentlemen on both sides to allude to the Post Office Appropriation Bill. They appealed to each other to organize, to come to some understanding—elect a temporary Speaker—do anything, everything, to pay the just debts of the Government to the mail contractors. Memorials were sought to be introduced in behalf of the latter. The Republicans were very patriotic on the subject, Mr. Grow, especially, whom Mr. Branch, you remember, charged with having defeated it at the Thirty-fifth Congress, and out of which parley the public was in some expectation of a conflict between those gentlemen. Now that the House has organized and passed the bill with slight alterations, a difficulty has arisen on its passage. The Upper House has raised a discussion on an amendment abolishing the franking privilege. What was originally intended as a means of communication between members of Congress and their constituents, has been enlarged into a most extensive foray on the Post Office. Tons of documents and ponderous books, some in wooden boxes, have been sent as mail matter; and the "frank" has been used by families and friends of Members and Senators to carry on their private business. Senator Powell made a speech today in favor of abolishing it. He showed that over four millions a year could be saved, and the general opinion of the Senate seems to be with the move.

The delay has caused a reaction in the joy of the city on the action of the House on the Bill, and the contractors have had several meetings to devise means of impressing the Senate with their necessities. They desire to have the bill passed as it came from the House; or if this cannot be done, that anything else may, which will allow them to present themselves at the treasury. Take out the interest clause, they say, and all other clauses which may prevent objection and legislate hereafter on them. Give us cash—give us cash!

Feb. 9.—The standing committees have been announced to-day. The most important have been disposed as follows: Chairman of Ways and Means, John Sherman, of Ohio. Foreign Affairs, Thomas Corwin, also of Ohio. Military Affairs, Benjamin Stanton, also of Ohio. Judiciary, John Hickman, of Pennsylvania. Territories, Galusha A. Grow, of the same State. Public Expenditure, John B. Haskin, of New York. Elections, John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina.

Preparations are being made for the inauguration of the Washington Statue on the 22d inst. Gillmore Simms is spoken of as the Orator of the day.

The Washington Art Association will be inaugurated to-night.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Names—The Spanish Infanta of Sixty-four Names—Hume at a Discount—Curiosity Sold by a Swiss—New Publications—Frederic Lemaitre—Margherita.

THE world has at present great need of an excellent work on names; a work in which all kind of Christian cognomens from Abba down to Zia shall be given with their full meaning. Parents about to christen children, authors hunting for lordly names, everybody would once in a while read it—especially the authors. It is not always the character which suggests the name; sometimes the search for a name suggests the character, just as the search for rhymes brings out new lights, new thoughts in poetry. Once an Italian romancer set all the bells of his native town to ringing, for joy, that he had found a good name for a hero. The Spanish royal parents of a princess must often be in a sad quandary in this respect for their new human work. After agreeing on the inevitable Maria, what else shall they call her? And so, in order to please all the world they call her everything! Permit me to embalm in my letter the beautiful litany of names recently conferred on the recently christened Maria, the Infanta of Spain. Maria of the Conception, Francisca de Assis, Isabel, Louisa, Antonia de Padua, Estefana, Maria del Olvido, Filomena, Francisca de Paula, Fernanda, Alfonsa, Christina, Josepha, Joaquina, Maria de la Luz, Agueda, Lucia, Juana, Bautista, Anna Maria del Carmen, Melchora, Gaspara y Baltasara, Rosalia, Bibiana, Maria de Guadalupe, Dominza de Silos, Maria del Triunfo, Enriqueta, Maria de la Misericordia, Teresa Maria del Consuelo, Caralampia, Constancia, Micaela, Gabriela, Rafaela y todo los Santos Angeles, Petra y todos los Santos Apostolos, Todos los Advocaciones de la Santi-ima, Virgen Maria de todos los Santos, Ines, Marciana, Bernardina, Basilia, Silverina y Florentina, Margarita, Librada, Severa, Elisa Bernarda, Eustaquia, Candida, Francisca de Posadas, Irene y Juana Cancio, Feliciana, Agapita, Feliciana de Valois, Daria Benita, Ramona y Juana Evangelista—that's all! That is to say, fifty-four simple or compound names, as well as those of the Twelve Apostles, which brings the number up to sixty-four, making just so many intercessors for the young lady in heaven. Certainly it must be anticipated that she will be as much given to amiable sins and amorous peccadilloes as her dear mamma before her, to require so many friends at court! But then remember that by implication in a general sort of way this name also includes those of all the saints and all the angels. Who wouldn't be a Spanish Infanta?

Since the modern Cagliostro Hume has married and died out, we hear very little about him, save that once in a while he is alluded to as an impost Hume or as the post-humous Hume, or by those who are still more desperately wicked as the Hume-bug. Philippe Busoni, however, calls him again to life in a late number of the *Illustration*, by saying that the gentleman was recently vanquished in a trial of ghostly skill, after coming to Paris for the purpose. When in a dilemma the young American sorceror extricates himself by some such answer to a rival spirit as: "One of us two knows more than the other; if you are my superior I can teach you nothing, if I am yours I have no need of you." The old story—fol de riddle rido. One impression has, however, everywhere gained ground; that the Chevalier Hume is a charlatan of the first order.

The same gentleman—Busoni, not Hume—hits off very neatly the mania which exists among a large class here, in the best society, for making out every wealthy foreigner a diplomat in disguise. It is fashionable to be well informed in politics in these days of mysterious Congresses, Popes-un-territoried and free trading; so that those who like to boast of breathing a political and courtly atmosphere, continually try to make themselves and their friends believe that the English lords or Russian boyards, to whom they were lately introduced or had at their salon or dinner-table, are deeply involved in Cabinet secrets. Lately in the salon of the witty Mme. de B., several victims to this mania, who had captured a worthy and wealthy Swiss, were obstinately bent on wringing from him some avowal that he was in someway a representative of the political power of his land which is called a country. So they went at him with "Tell us something about your Diet." What are the latest changes in your Diet?" "How happy we should be could we only enjoy a Diet like yours."

"What the mischief is my diet to them?" reflected the good man. "Well, of all the hungry devils I ever did see, these French gentlemen and ladies are the hungriest." But he answered politely that his diet was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Then they began to congratulate him on the presumed success of his mission. The truth slowly dawned on his Appenzeller mind, and he smiled as a Helvetian only can. Here some one broke in with, "But Austria is in your way, isn't it? Wouldn't you prefer the aid of France?" "Yes, gentlemen, that's just what I would like to secure." "Certainly, certainly," cried the whole company." "Yes," pursued the good man very slowly and reflectively, "cheese is a good thing for French as well as Swiss." "Cheese!" was the outcry, "why, what do you mean?" "Only that—talking of diet—I should like to make a treaty with France, in which your country would bind herself to take at a fixed price all the cheese which Switzerland would annually furnish. If you would only buy some of our butter and honey with it, gentlemen, you would have as good a diet as we Swiss."

Among the many literary novelties which have appeared, I select the following: *Masques et Bouffons*, or "Masks and Buffoons," by Maurice Sand, with a preface by George Sand. In this exquisitely illustrated book, we have the full history of all those mysterious personages of the pantomime of Italy and France, which are so well known to everybody and so little understood by anybody. It is possible that your readers have puzzled themselves over Callot's Fantasies with the characters Sbrighello, Il Capitano S. avento and Tartaglia; or wondered whence came Pierrot, Pantaloon, Jocrisse and all the other merry devils of Carnival? Well, read this work and you will find. It is one of the best books of the kind ever written.

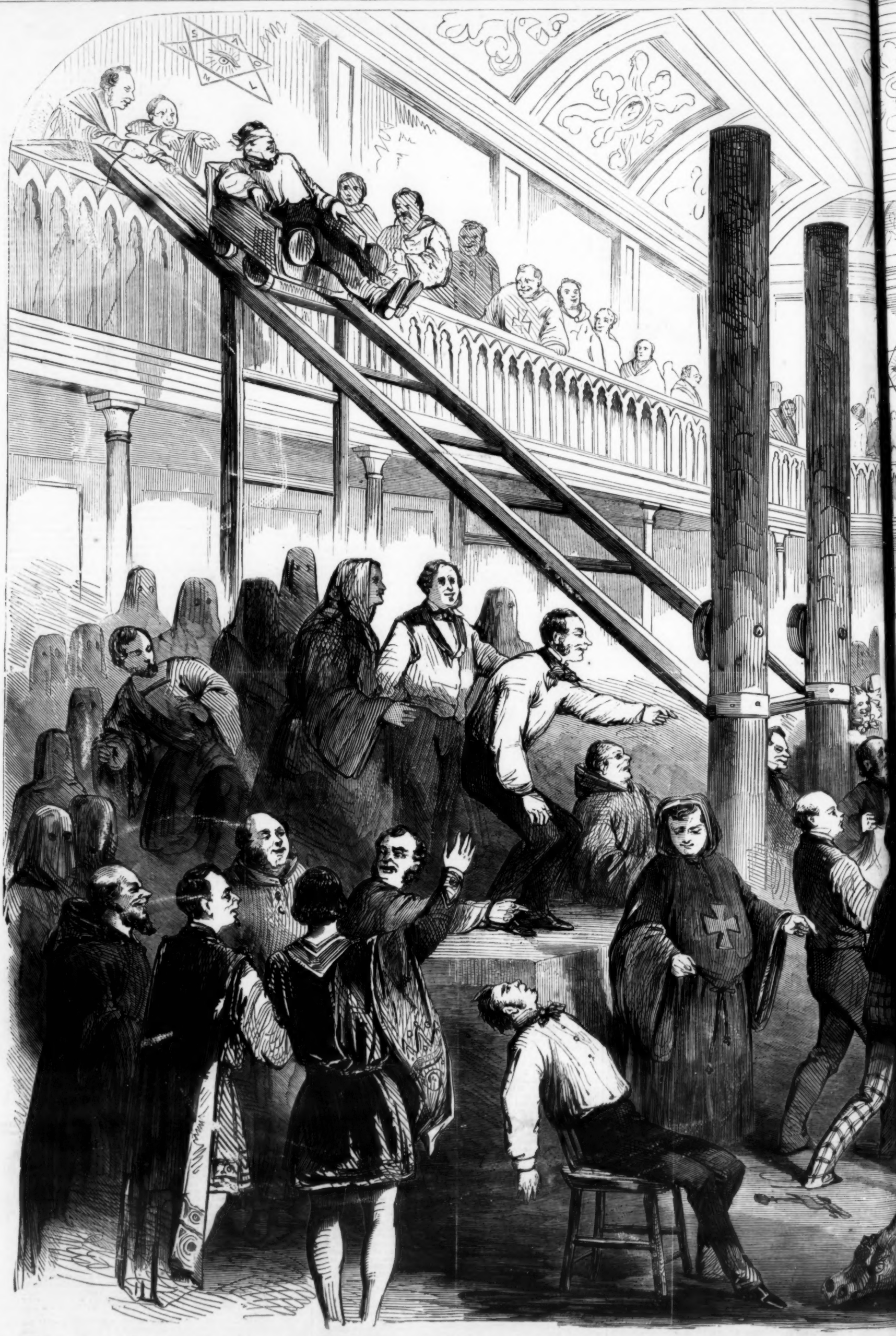
To this I may add *Les Manuscrits de Buffon*, or "The MSS. of Buffon," by P. Flourens, published by the brothers Garnier, a book which has been extensively reviewed; Leon Laya's comedy of the "Duke Job," published by Michael Levy; *Etudes Historiques sur le Roi Louis XI.*, by Gaudefroy, published by E. Dentu; *Alba*, by Louis Enault, published by L. Hachette & Co.; the third volume of *Histoire de la Presse en France*, by Eugene Hatin, published by Poulet Malassis & Co.; and *L'Ile des Rêves*, a droll illustrated affair, giving the history of an Englishman who is bored or ennuyed to death, by Louis Uibach, published by Morizat. To these I should add *Les Trente-deux Duels de Jean Gigou*, published by A Bourdillat & Co. On the whole, though no one very extraordinary work has of late made its appearance, our book world has given birth to a great number of very readable publications, the best of them being of that historical or social character which revives the past and preserves the present, and which at least contributes to our knowledge if it does not stimulate our thoughts.

Frederic Lemaitre, who once acted so well the original Robert Macaire, is now pretty well used up, but the Ambigu has turned what is left of him to pronounce pretty well used up, but the Ambigu has turned what is left of him to pronounce fit, in a drama called "Le Marchand de Coco," in which he appears remarkably well, in the character of an old invalided soldier. This piece, by Messrs. Denney and Dugue, has been a great success, though there is in reality only one character in it, and that not so much the dramatic one as that of old Frederic himself.

"Margherita la Mendicante," is a rather pretty opera recently brought out at the Italian. But when shall we be free from this endless lot of seductress plays, sprinkled with gipsies, counts, swearings of vengeance, gallant gunmakers and castles? Has music so little in common with nature, with all that is truly vigorous and beautiful in life, that libretto-makers must be for ever raking up this old garbage of decayed romance and that melo-dramatic ornament which is at the present day most decidedly the property of the vulgar.

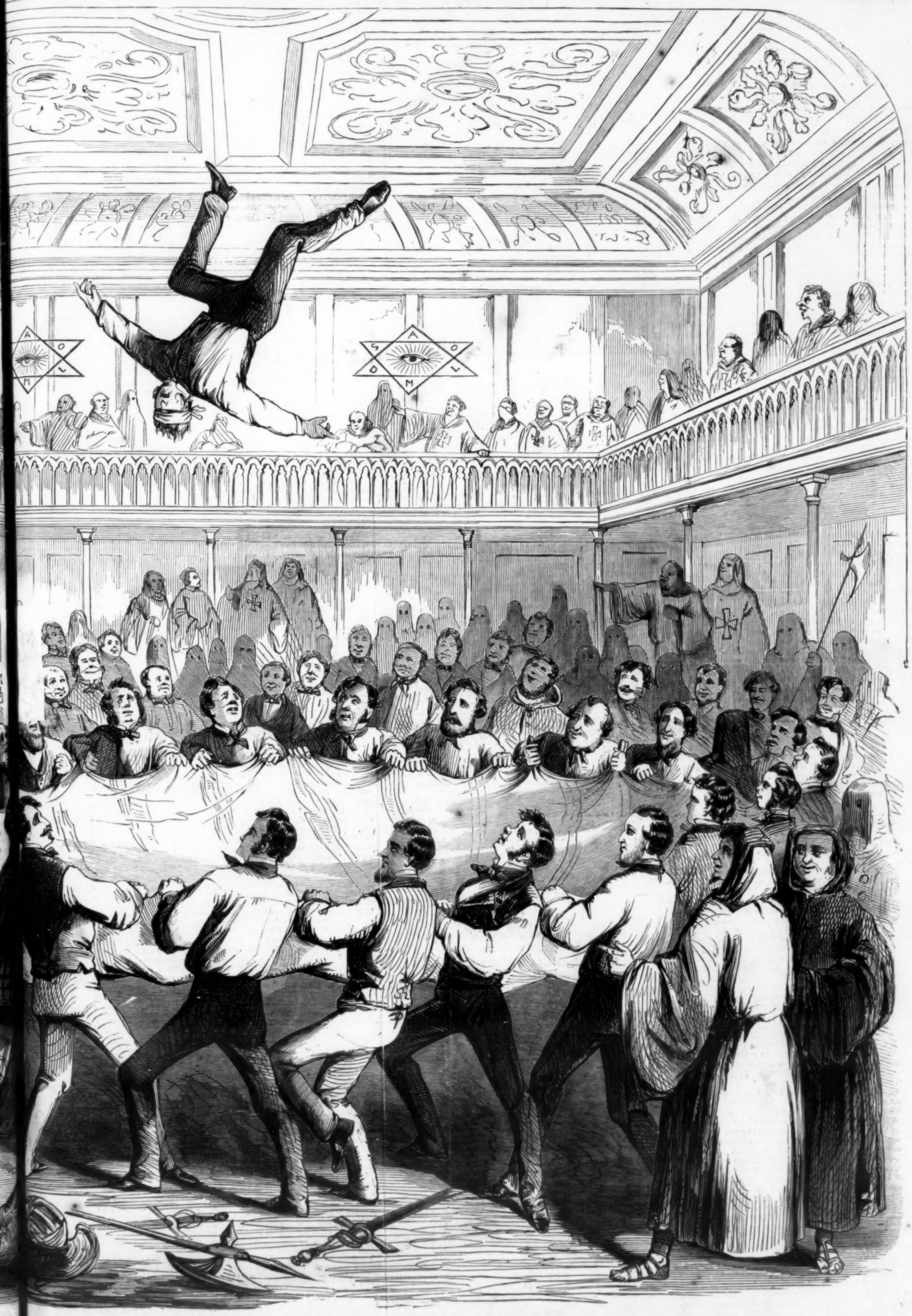
Yours, FANWOOD.

VOLUME TIGHTLY BOU



EXPOSURE OF THE SONS OF MALTA—INTERIOR OF THE LODGE, SHOWING THE VARIOUS STAGES OF THE TERRIBLE RAILROAD AND MONY-

IGHTLY BOUND



AND MONY—THE CANDIDATE ON THE RAIL—THE CANDIDATE BEING TOSSED—THE CANDIDATE HELPLESS AND EXHAUSTED.—See Page 186.

GRAND EXPOSURE OF THE

CEREMONIES OF THE SONS OF MALTA.

(*Continued from page 178.*)

Our illustrations this week develop new phases of the interior mysteries of the Sons of Malta. The Candidates, dressed in the most grotesque costume, before the Grand Commander, who is seated on a raised platform or dais (page No. 180), are presented for interrogation. Questions are then propounded to them of a peculiarly private nature, gradually leading each one on to confess to some transgression of the moral code, chiefly relating to amorous or general libertinism, and as the habits of each member previous to his initiation has been inquired into, the G. Commander is enabled to put some leading questions which astonish the victim and lead him on to acknowledge the "corn." Thus, he is asked what he was doing at a certain house, at such a time, with such a person—what are the relations between him and so and so's wife or daughter, and other questions affecting his honor and the honor of others whose names, before, uttered in discreditable connection with his, would have filled him with indignation, and yet there it was uttered in the presence of one hundred and fifty strangers, and possibly dissolute men!

Should any Candidate refuse to answer the questions asked by the G. Commander, he is at once ordered to be taken before the Council of Ten, which, it is impressed upon the contumacious victim, is a most august and terrible body. The members of the Council of Ten are all seated and armed with drawn swords. When the refractory one is brought before them, they ask and are told why he is there. Several of the Council of Ten then advance towards him and place the points of their swords to his breast, taking care to make him feel their sharpness. (See page 177.) Ten chances to one, that under these circumstances he acknowledges to some peccadillo which renders him eligible to become a member of this honorable Fraternity. Should he still remain obstinate, however, he is solemnly informed that there is a holy man connected with the Lodge, so sacred in his character, that he is separated and apart from all in another portion of the building. He is told that he will be sent to that holy man, who is so concealed that he cannot look upon the man he questions; he is further told that all which he may confide to this mysterious invisible being will be as sacred as the confessional, that it will not even be mentioned to the Superior Officers of the Lodge.

Accordingly he is led away round the Lodge, out of one door, back through another, until bewildered he is told that he stands in the presence of the Venerable Father, and his guards leave him, or rather pretend to do so, that his confession may have no listener but one. The poor devil giving half credence to this farce, after some solemn admonition from the Venerable Father, takes heart and makes a clean breast of it, and having so done, under the belief that his tale of shame and degradation was told in sacred confidence to one unseen listener, the bandage is removed from his eyes, and he finds to his mortification and horror that he has been heard by the whole Brotherhood, and that he stands in the same place from where he was originally sent. But his confession of lapses from morals and honor is a sure passport to the privileges of membership in the Order of the Sons of Malta. Sometimes a Candidate is doggedly obstinate and will not be "put through his paces," in which case he is summarily ejected, as is represented at page No. 180.

We will suppose that the Candidate has answered the personal questions propounded to him in a satisfactory manner, he is now questioned as to what he can do. Can he dance? can he sing? can he box? does he understand the use of the broadsword? does he understand how to drill with the musket? can he swim? If he can dance or sing or box he is told to give a specimen, and the victim does so; and most supremely ridiculous it is to see blindfolded, half frightened men going through the most grotesque grimaces in a serious and earnest manner. If he can drill a fifty pound musket is given to him, with which he is compelled to go through all the motions. (See page No. 180.) If he swims, he is placed upon a block of wood, and is told to strike out to show the action in swimming. (See page No. 177.) After each exhibition a sepulchral voice murmurs out—"He sings, he dances, he boxes, he drills or he swims!" Then the gong sounds and another hollow and sepulchral voice utters the word "Recorded!" During all this time a hundred faces are peering round these poor "cold" men, so brimming over with laughter that it is with difficulty restrained. Should some too sensitive soul, unable to govern his mirthfulness give vent to a giggle—"No levity, sir," is shouted out, and he is immediately brought to order.

The order of Initiation was laid down in our last number; we shall not, therefore follow it out again, as it would be a useless repetition. We shall deal now with the various incidents which make up the miserable and dangerous farce entitled the Initiation trials and tribulations of a Candidate for admission to the Order of the Sons of Malta.

Sometimes, while the Candidate is on the rugged path, he may prove restive and endeavor to avoid some of the ordeals; in a moment the shout is raised, 'Brand him! brand him!" and the terrified greenhorn feels himself seized and struck on the cheek or forehead with something which seems to burn into the flesh. His terror may well be imagined, but the brand is either a piece of intensely cold iron or a piece of ice. (See page No. 180.)

One of the most trying as well as the most dangerous of the ceremonies, as practised in some of the superior and wealthy Lodges, is the ordeal of the Railroad and the Tossing. From the gallery round the hall is fixed a tram or railway, which runs at an inclination of some thirty degrees, to two pillars near the centre of the Lodge. A sort of sledge on wheels is placed on this railway, on the lower end of which are two buffers, and on the inside of the pillars are two corresponding spring buffers. The candidate is led, blindfold of course, up to the gallery and laid on his back, with his feet pointing to the centre of the room, on this sled. When all is ready the sled is let loose, amid cries of "Hold on for your life!" and dashes down the inclined plane with great celerity, and strikes with great force against the spring buffers upon the pillars in the centre. The shock causes the sledge to recoil suddenly, and of course pitches the poor candidate into mid air, in spite of his holding on. In the meantime, twenty actively sympathising Brothers or Sons have got hold of a large piece of strong canvas sacking, and extending it to its utmost, as soon as the candidate is shot from the sledge receive him in it as he is falling, stunned and confounded, to the ground. But not with the charitable intent to break his fall only—oh no! for no sooner is he on its surface than twenty pairs of strong arms send him flying towards the ceiling, utterly helpless and perhaps fainting, for such excitements tell upon some natures with terrible effect. Again and again is the poor gulled victim sent flying involuntarily towards the roof of the Lodge, and this immeasurable, inexpressible sport is continued until the twenty pairs of strong arms are too tired to inflict any more torture. The martyr is then placed on his feet if he can stand, or accommodated with a chair if too much exhausted to stand or in a fainting condition, which is too often the case.

In some Lodges we are assured that two or more candidates are "tossed" at the same time, and the sport, from the increased struggles and frequent concussions of heads, &c., of the victims, is said to amount almost to the sublime! This is truly a most noble and right honorable Order!

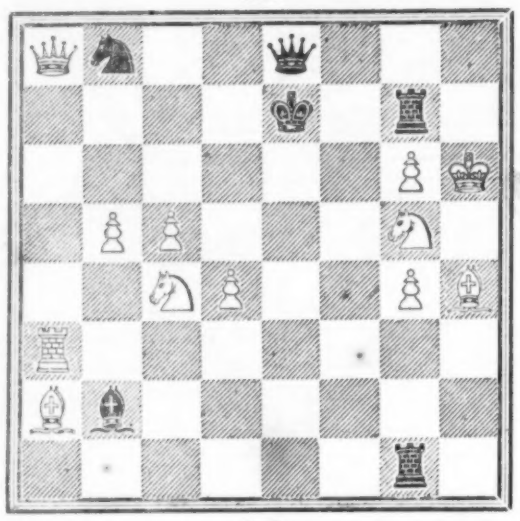
Our large double page cut represents this scene most faithfully, but it supposes only one candidate being "put through," showing him, first, on the railroad sledge; secondly, undergoing the tender mercies of the "tossing;" and thirdly, his state after suffering this preposterous and brutal ordeal. In our next we shall continue our Exposure of the Order of the Sons of Malta, with more truthful illustrations.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM No. 226.—By Jas. B. Craighead, Nashville, Tenn. White to play and checkmate in two moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

To Correspondents.—J. B. C., Nashville, Tenn. The "genuine" is to hand. It is decidedly superior to "Newark Prince Imperial" or "Jersey Cliquot," as you yourself may judge when you come on. The two-move problem is neat. The three-move is limber in the second variation; as Kt to Q Kt 7 does not mate, R can take. Your health, with thanks.—S N. The author says B to B 4. We think there must be an error in the position. Have not the problem at hand. If memory serves, the other hint is correct. So no "congestion" at present. The postscript to first communication is heartily reciprocated.—Smith, Salem, N. J. Report on problems very soon.—C. P. J., Kalamazoo, Mich. Ditto to Smith.—K., of Westchester county. Hope sincerely they will not be your last, as they have a good look about them. Please send the solutions, that our examinations may be facilitated thereby.—A. Mundy, Jr., Seneca Falls, N. Y. See first reply to "S. N." above.

Morphy's Games Edited by Lowenthal.—The following game is from this new and valuable book. It is published by Bohn, of London.

BETWEEN MORPHY AND MEDLEY.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE. *Mr. Mor.*	BLACK. *Mr. Med.*	WHITE. *Mr. Mor.*	BLACK. *Mr. Med.*
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	4 P to K R 4	P to Kt 5
2 P to K B 4	P tks P	5 Kt to K 5	Kt to K B 3
3 Kt to K B 3	P to K Kt 4		

The line of defence laid down in the books is 5 P to K R 4, which originated with Cozio, was fully analyzed by Allgaier, and in later times by Kieseritzky, and until very lately was considered the best move that could be adopted. Cozio also recommends here Q to K 2, in his "Giuoco degli Schacchi," 1766, and makes it appear that Black has the better game. Salvio suggests B to K 2, and Kieseritzky P to Q 3. Philidor alone favored the move in the text, but analysts, on the whole, have paid too little attention to it.

The following variation was given in both the German and English Handbooks, and accepted as satisfactory:

6 B to Q B 4	Q to K 2	9 Q to K 2	Q tks Q (ch)
7 P to Q 4	P to Q 3	10 K tks Q	P to Q 4
8 Kt tks K B P	Q tks K P (ch)		

And Black was said, with justice, to have the better game.

It was not until the match between Messrs. Harrwitz and Löwenthal that due notice was taken of the move of 5 Kt to K B 3. The former played it against his opponent with marked success; and the opinion now generally entertained is that it furnishes the best defence against the attack.

6 B to Q B 4	P to Q 4	8 P to Q 4	Kt to R 4
7 P tks P	B to Q 3		

We have elsewhere, in opposition to Mr. Staunton, who in the *Chess Player's Chronicle*, vol. 1853, page 347, pronounces this the best move, given it as our opinion that Q to K 2 is the correct defence; the Kt can afterwards be played to the K R 4 with much greater effect.

9 Kt to Q B 3

A novelty, and one that deserves consideration.

9 B to K B 4

Here, perhaps, Kt to Kt 6 might have been played with advantage.

10 Kt to K 2

This, at first sight, would appear an insignificant move, and made merely with the object of attacking the advanced Pawn; as the game progresses, however, it will be seen that Mr. Morphy has a deeper design in view.

	10 Q to K B 3	11 Q Kt tks P	Kt to Kt 6
	Better to have exchanged Knights.		
12 Kt to R 5	Kt tks Kt	13 B to K Kt 5	B to Q Kt 5 (ch)

Q to K 2 would have been better, but the game was past all recovery.

14 P to Q B 3	Q to Q 3	16 K tks B	
15 Castles	Kt to Kt 2		

This is all remarkably well played, and is the more admirable since it is evident that Mr. M. must have seen through the whole of the variations when he played his Kt to K 2.

	16 Kt tks R	20 B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	P to Q B 3
17 Q tks P	Kt to K 2	21 P tks P	P tks P
18 R to K sq	P to K R 4	22 Kt tks P	Kt tks Kt
19 Q to B 3	R to R 2	23 B tks Kt (ch)	

And wins.

White's victory is consummated in most excellent style.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

☞ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To Correspondents.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

To Correspondents.—Several communications, inclosing diagrams of shots, are held over for Mr. Phelan's consideration. The publication of diagrams will be continued regularly and without intermission for the future, but we can only publish *one* each week. Those accepted will be given in the order of their reception.

Chicago.—We understand that the match between Mr. Michael Geary and Mr. Parker has been postponed, in consequence of a death in Mr. Geary's family.

Samuel McGill, Abbeville, S. C.—There is no tax of any description placed upon billiards in this city. The amateurs of billiards are a strong party among us, and any attempt to tax their favorite recreation would be as fruitless as it would be foolish and despotic. To do our legislators justice, not even the worst of them, we believe, has ever dreamed of putting a tax upon so refined an enjoyment as billiards.

Billiards in England.—A match was played on the 10th ult., in London, at Mr. Gent's rooms, opposite Astley's Theatre, 1,000 points up, by two knights of the cue, designated by the London papers as "Hughes and Fat." The game was well contested, but eventuated in favor of Hughes. After the match, the winner, or any man in London, was challenged for £100 aside by Mr. W. Dufton, of Northampton and Museum Rooms, Museum street, London.

Mr. Phelan in Charleston, S.C.—Our Charleston cotemporaries announce the arrival of Mr. Phelan in their good city, and all unite in tendering him a graceful and hospitable welcome. The *Courier* says that the visit of Mr. Phelan excites a constant and active interest through the growing circle of the lovers and practitioners of the graceful and invigorating game of billiards. At the request of the members of the Charleston Club, Mr. Phelan handled the cue at the club-room on four different occasions, to the great gratification of the gentlemanly members. He also gratified his friends by charming the balls at Mr. Kennedy's Billiard Saloon. The lovers of the noble game at Charleston, who are very numerous, have shown increased zeal for the beautiful amusement since Mr. Phelan arrived among them, and they express their confidence that his tour through the South will have the effect of doing much to elevate the game. All the good players were anxious to play a game with him, that they might have a standard whereby to judge their exact datas in the art of billiards. Crowds of spectators witnessed Mr. P.'s efforts in Charleston, and studied his playing with the greatest attention and the most intense interest, thus showing that they were not actuated by mere feelings of empty curiosity, but by a desire to seize the scientific principles of the distinguished player, and profit by the application.

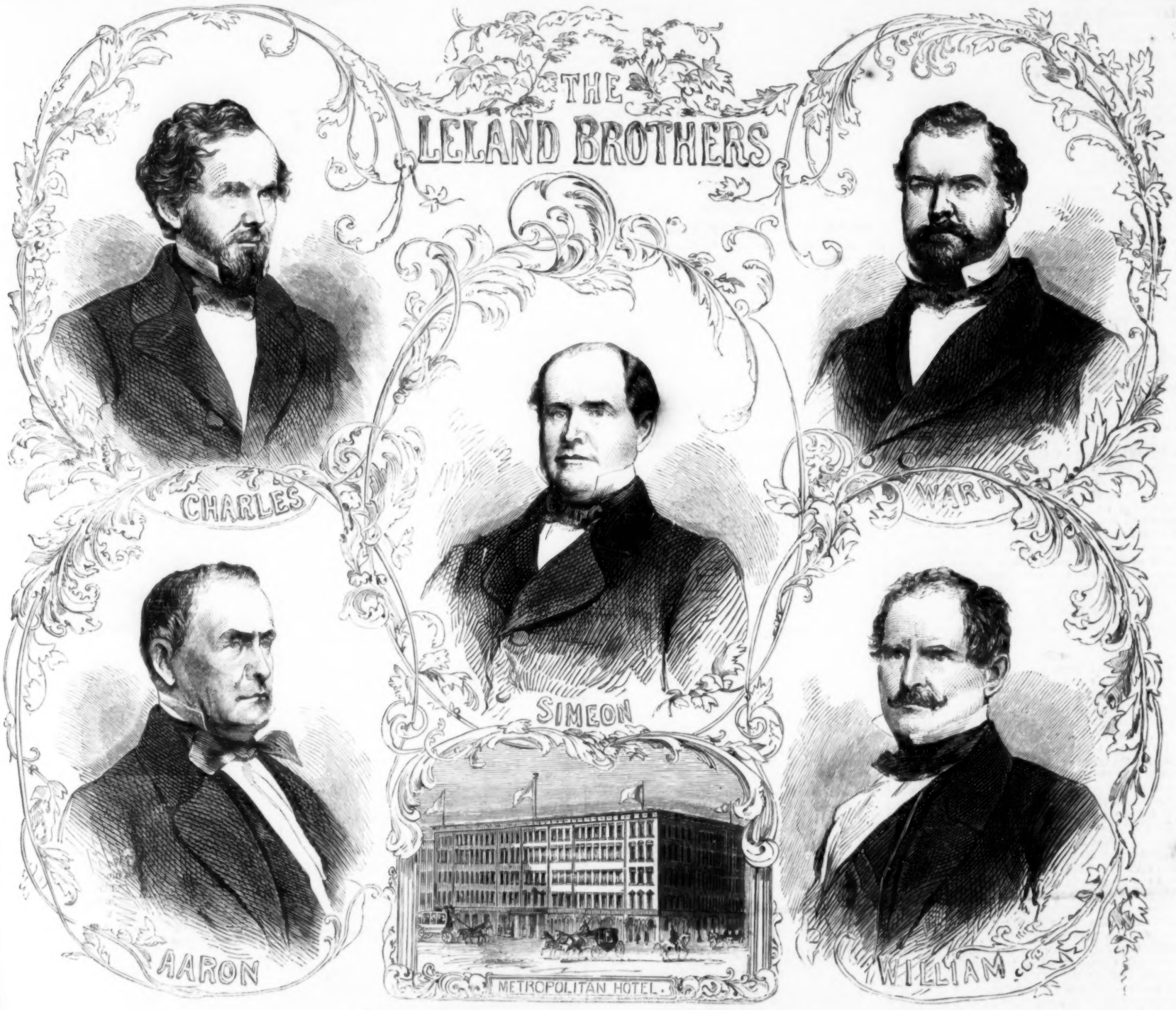
We are compelled to omit our Billiard Diagram, also the correspondence in regard to the proposed Billiard Tournament. They will appear in our next.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

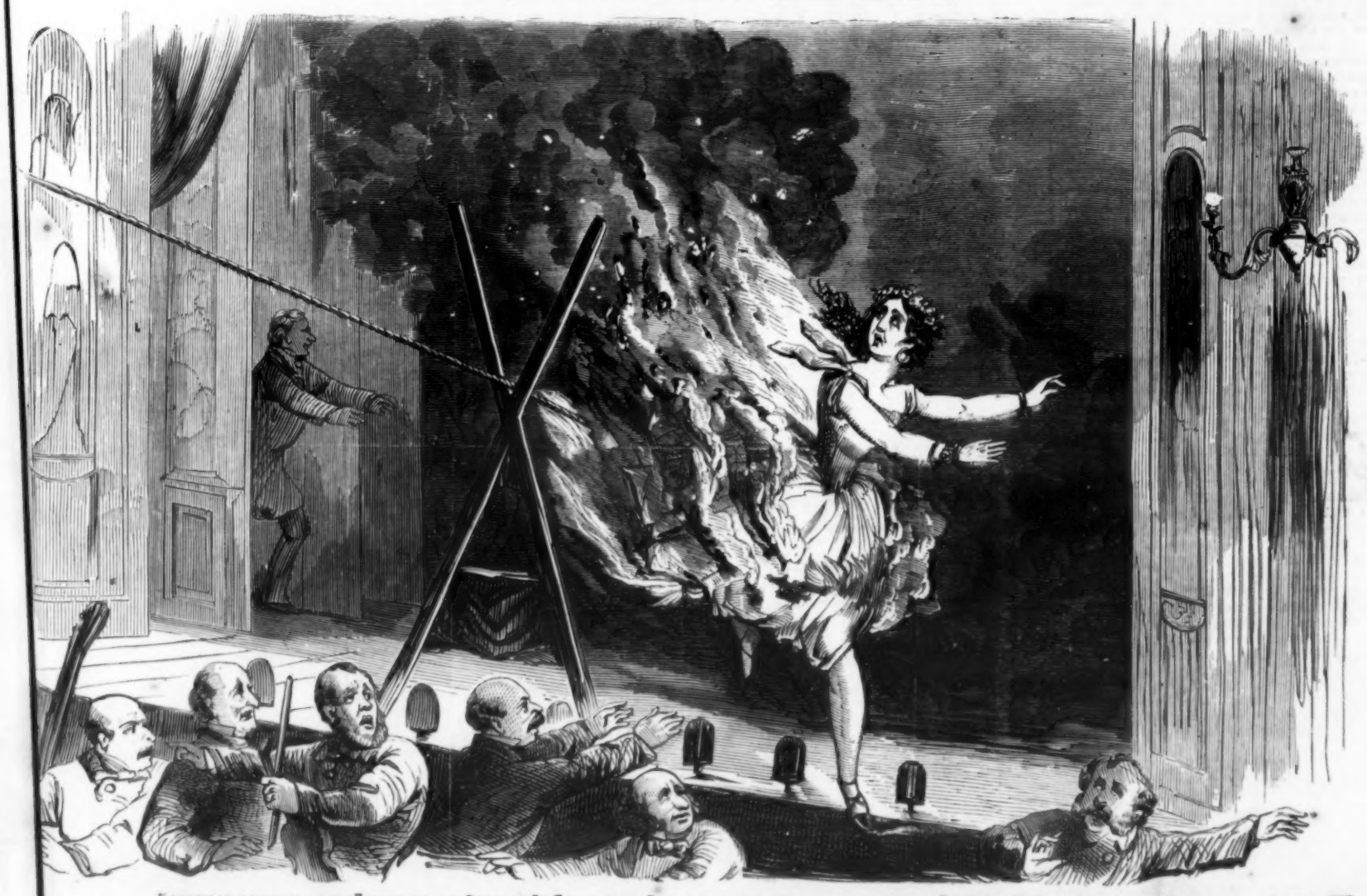
New Orleans has recently been the scene of another duel. Messrs. Ernest Canonge and Victor Gerodias, of that city, were the parties. Double-barrelled guns were used, at forty paces, and on the second fire Mr. Gerodias was shot in the left knee, and will probably have to undergo amputation of that member.—Last week, one of Adams & Co.'s Express cars, containing a large amount of money, ran into the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace, in thirty feet of water.—Slaves are not the only long-lived creatures in the South. The death of a mule aged sixty-two years is recently recorded.—A meeting of the members of the Canadian press, which took place at Toronto on the 8th ult., will result in an organization to be called The Canadian Press Association.—On Monday, the 6th inst., a man, named William Peal, in attempting to step over the shaft in his tannery in New Bloomfield, Pa., was caught by the tail of his coat, and was carried round with fearful velocity. The shaft was making ninety revolutions per minute. Every bone in his body was literally crushed.—A book-keeper of Charleston, S. C., ran off with $3,000 or $4,000 of his employer's money, and a lady of light reputation. The lady returned, but the money did not.—The Grand Trunk Railway Company have nearly six thousand box and platform cars in use in transporting freight on that road; and the Portland Company are engaged in building two hundred box cars additional. Placed in one train, they would reach twenty-five miles.—Dancing and smoking are ephemeral delights; Signorina Pratese, of the Ronzani ballet troupe, having tired of dancing, is now selling cigars in Eighth street, Philadelphia.—Lady Franklin has presented each of the crew of the Fox with an elegant silver watch, valued at £10, bearing a suitable inscription on the outer case, and surmounted by an engraving representing the Fox in full sail.—The citizens of San Antonio, Texas, intend to present a handsome sword to Lieut. Hagon, United States Army, for his valuable services on the frontier against the Indians.—The Germans of Wisconsin must lead the most blameless lives, for out of a population of 50,000 not one from Faderland is to be found in the State Penitentiary.—The fastest skating yet recorded was accomplished by H. A. Mansfield, of Boston, who skated fifteen miles on the Nashua River in one hour and five minutes.—Mrs. Catharine Douglas, late of Lansingburgh, died in that village last week at the advanced age of one hundred and one years. She was born in Saratoga county in 1759, moved to what is now called Speigletown in 1776, and experienced all those difficulties and hair-breadth escapes common during Burgoyne's invasion.—The street preacher, Joseph Barker, who was imprisoned in Pittsburg, has been pardoned. His instructions are, "Go, and preach no more!"—A brutal murder was recently committed by two slaves on their master, Dr. Wm. Croxton, of Essex, Va. He had mildly corrected a slave woman, which gave her great offence, and she vowed revenge. A day or two after, whilst this slave was engaged in grinding a cutting-knife, Dr. Croxton walked to where she was, and, whilst looking on, another woman slave came behind him, gave him a violent blow upon the back of the head, which felled him to the ground, and then dispatched him. The two then dragged him behind the barn, and kindling a fire, placed his body on it and burned it. They next cut the skirts of the saddle upon his riding horse, and then turned the horses loose, expecting to create the impression that he had been attacked on the road and murdered. When the doctor was missing, his friends instituted a search for him, and in the pile of ashes near the barn discovered two or three of his fingers and a portion of one of his feet.—A verdict of $3,500 was given in the Supreme Court at Lockport, N Y., against the New York Central Railroad, in favor of J. H. Warren, who lost his arm by an accident on that road.—The Legislature of South Carolina has passed a general amnesty to persons engaged in duels. The amnesty to date from January 10, 1860.—The Hudson River has this winter been twice frozen over from New York to Albany.—An extraordinary shot is mentioned in the Southern papers. A gentleman from Baltimore, killed in Essex county, at one shot, on Wednesday last, eleven wild turkeys of the largest size, one of them weighing nineteen pounds. This is something like a shot. He must have discharged two of Colt's seven shooters at the same time.—On Christmas day last, a magnificent war steamer, the property of the King of Sardinia, and chartered by Spain for a war with Morocco, was destroyed by fire in the harbor of Malaga. The fire was produced by the explosion of some bombs by the bows. Some two hundred persons were wounded, and an immense quantity of munitions of war was destroyed on her. In order to prevent the explosion of some twelve tons of gunpowder in her magazine, she was finally sunk by shots.—The Hon. Charles A. Ingersoll, of New Haven, U. S. Judge of that District, and Assistant Judge in the District and Circuit Courts of Southern New York, died at his residence on Tuesday evening, February 7th.—Two passenger cars were thrown from the track on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, killing Philip Farley, and dangerously injuring Peter Hoffman, the Supervisor of the road, and a child.—The Government of Nova Scotia has resigned. Hon. Wm. Young has been sent for to form another one. Hon. Joseph Howe will probably be Provincial Secretary; Adam Archibald, Attorney-General; and Jonathan McCully probably Solicitor-General. It is expected that Benjamin Weir will have a seat in the Cabinet without office.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, while driving down Fulton avenue with her youngest child and nurse, on Wednesday morning, the 8th, met with a very severe accident. The horse became restive, ran away, and dashed the carriage against the steps of the Fulton Bank. Mrs. Beecher is dangerously but not fatally injured, while the nurse and child escaped without any very serious damage.—The sufferers from the fatal fire in Elm street need assistance. Many of the survivors are nearly destitute, having lost all their clothes and other property. The charitable are implored to give the needed assistance.—On the 31st ult. Mr. Banks, a drover, while riding through a piece of woods near New Milford, Conn., had his horse seized by two men, while another jumped into the wagon from behind, knocked him senseless, and having rifled his pockets, started the horse. The animal went directly home, and Mr. Banks was found in the wagon insensible by some of the family.—On Monday, the 6th, the Getty House at Yonkers was entirely destroyed by fire. The splendid mansion of Captain Garrison shared the same fate, as did also the yacht Tremont, belonging to R. Livingston, Esq.—At the annual meeting of the New York Yacht Club, held on the 24 inst. at the Brevoort House, in this city, the present officers and Regatta Committee for the current year were all re-elected: Commodore, Edwin A. Stevens; Vice-Commodore, A. C. Kingsland; Secretary, Hamilton Morton; Treasurer, Robert S. Hone; Measurer, Charles H. Haswell; Regatta Committee, Charles H. Haswell, George L. Schuyler and J. Howard Wainwright.—The Diamond Furnace Company, owned by Hoffman & Co., of Jackson, Ohio, suspended on the 7th with liabilities estimated at $80,000.—At a meeting of iron masters, held at Portsmouth, Ohio, on the 6th, it was resolved to petition Congress for a protective tariff.—The latest advices from Captain Page, commanding the United States Exploring Expedition in the interior of South America, were dated on board of the Argentina, at Comeritics, on the 30th of November. The general health of the crew and officers was good. Captain Page states that the explorations had been greatly extended in the head waters of the Paraguay, ascending to Cuiaba, two thousand miles above tide water. The steamer Alpha, one of the vessels of the Expedition, was at Argentina, to be put in condition for defence against Indian arrows.—General Belza, Minister from Bolivia, South America, is in Washington. No clue to unravel the mystery of his robbery at Charleston, S. C., has been obtained. The affair is being investigated by the Charleston police.—The bark Emily, which was brought to this port from the coast of Africa, in charge of United States officers, sailed from Greenpoint for the African coast on Saturday night last. She was towed through Hellgate, and passed through Long Island Sound.—Judge Stump, of Baltimore, has gone to Annapolis to offer rebutting evidence in his impeachment case. His fate is, however, considered sealed.—The New York State Agricultural Society met at Albany, and organized for the coming year by choosing Hon. B. M. Huntington, of Rome, for President. The Treasurer's statement shows a balance of $5,686 on hand. The next annual fair will be held in Elmira.—The Senate of Texas has passed unanimously a joint resolution instructing the Texas Senators and Representatives in Congress to use their influence to obtain the incorporation into the United States Navy of Captain John G. Todd, of the old Texas Navy.

The Augusta *Dispatch* says: "Miss Annie R. Blount, widely known in the literary circles as 'Jenny Woodbine,' is about to publish a volume of her poems. Miss Blount is gifted with a high order of poetic genius, and though very young, has written some of the most charming fugitive pieces that have graced the columns of the periodical press during the last two or three years."

John Goffe, a former resident of Newport, R. I., was buried last Thursday, thirteen days having elapsed since he died. No perceptible change took place until the day preceding the burial, and the love for an affectionate parent forbade the idea of parting with his mortal form while the semblance of life existed.



THE LELAND BROTHERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.—SEE PAGE 188.



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT THE VOLKS GARTEN, BOWERY, N. Y.—BURNING OF JOSEPHINE FARREN, WHILE PERFORMING ON THE TIGHTROPE.—SEE PAGE 181.

THE LELAND BROTHERS.

If utilitarianism is the distinguishing characteristic of the American people; if credit is due to those who, unaided and unassisted by the wealth of ancestry, raise themselves to a position of eminence and popularity by individual exertion; if all classes of our mercantile, mechanical and agricultural people have each their representative men—then certainly the subjects of our illustration are representative men, and are entitled to the wealth which they possess the popularity which they maintain, and the universality of reputation which extends throughout this country and Europe. In no country is the practical working of the Hotel system understood as it is in this, for we are so migratory in our nature and so sociable in our desires, that we are dissatisfied unless we commingle constantly with our fellow-creatures. With us rents are high provisions expensive, and yet our ambition and pride is so great that we cannot bear to remove from the luxurious mansions of our fathers to the humble cottage which in former times was occupied by them. We seek some means of preventing an apparent descent in position. Thus, what with the migratory character of the business community, and the pride of our people, we assist in developing and maintaining the great hotel system of this country.

Having thus diverged into a collateral issue, we proceed to speak in detail of the Brothers Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, who have so long and so successfully controlled and engineered its operations from its commencement up to the present day. The Leland Brothers are all hotel; the family are and have been imbued with it. The father, Simeon Leland, kept the Green Mountain Coffee-house nearly half a century; he was also an introducer and promoter of the great mail route system; and there amid the healthy atmosphere of the Green Mountains the boys were raised. Then they came to New York. Like all country boys ambitious of success, they determined to venture in the maelstrom of the metropolis. Here for several years they served as clerks in the Clinton House and at last became proprietors, conducting it successfully and profitably.

There are thousands who remember the Brothers Leland at the old Clinton Hotel. They were young men then, some of them mere boys, but all alike were cheerful, high-spirited, attentive, courteous, persevering and popular. They were universal favorites; every one prophesied their success in life; and when it was known in 1852 that the finest hotel in the city was to be under their control all classes said, "Good, they know how to keep a hotel; it will be a model and a success." The general judgment has been fully justified.

During the erection of the Metropolitan Hotel, in 1850 to 1852, the Brothers Leland took a lease of it for twelve years. The moment the lease was signed, the brothers selected Charles Leland to visit Europe, and there to make a careful examination of the different hotel systems. He accordingly visited Great Britain, France, Germany &c., and the result was an important change in the usual style of hotel keeping adopted in this country—the combination of the *table d'hôte* with the *café*. Thus guests of this house are enabled to breakfast, dine and sup at all periods of the day, preventing those extra charges for meals out of regular hours which are so annoying to travellers. This improvement is most convenient, and has assisted much in the enviable position which the Metropolitan has obtained among other hotels.

It possesses all the desirable comforts of home, with all the privileges and luxuries of a first-class hotel. Not the least noticeable among its pleasant features are the delightful and *recherché* "hops" which are given by the proprietors of the hotel during the winter. These are social gatherings of the highest character, combining the beauty and the fashion of the city, renowned statesmen, officers of the army and navy, authors, artists, musicians, in short every one of every class whom it is desirable to know. With such company, such music and such a superb supper, with which they close, these evenings are among the most delightful of the season.

This magnificent hotel, erected at a cost of half a million of dollars, and presenting a front on Prince street and Broadway of five hundred feet, is capable of accommodating six hundred persons. In convenience of location it is unsurpassed by any in Broadway; its patrons are from all parts of the country but especially from the Southern States and California. The Metropolitan Hotel has proved a mine of wealth to the proprietors, the annual profits being a fortune. The administrative ability of the Lelands has been ever manifest to those who have been guests at their establishment. One error alone they have been seduced into, and that is one, unfortunately, which most men when they become wealthy commit—extraneous speculations in mining, banking and railroads have caused them enormous losses. Like Coleman Delmonico and others, they were induced, by the glowing descriptions of friends, to enter into chimerical plans which promised Australasian wealth, but resulted disastrously, the only record of value for all their money being a lot of worthless bonds and papers. Experience is, however a wise dictator, and we have no doubt it will be long before they are again seduced into association with men whose capital is nothing, and whose expectations are everything.

There are five brothers of the Leland family. Aaron Leland is fifty years of age, and has established an important ticket agency, embracing many of the most prominent railroads in the United States. He has an office in the Metropolitan.

Simeon Leland, the senior partner in the hotel with Charles and Warren is forty-three years of age. He has erected, at New Rochelle, one of the finest castellated mansions in this country where he dispenses social hospitality in a regal style.

William Leland resides in Texas. There he conducts an immense ranche of seventeen thousand acres. He has over eight thousand head of cattle and other stock in proportion.

Charles Leland is thirty-four; he is one of the partners of the hotel, where he resides.

Warren Leland, whose good humored, half-farmer half-hotel face every one will recognize, is the youngest brother, and also one of the three proprietors. He is thirty-one years of age, generous to a fault and universally popular. Warren possesses a rich and productive farm at Rye; it contains two hundred acres, which is kept in the highest state of cultivation. It is from this farm that the Metropolitan receives its supply of fresh milk, vegetables, and many of the fruits which decorate the table.

At the present time there is no apparent evidence of the extinction of the Leland race, as numerous little Lelands decorate the country seats of all the brothers. We have thus presented a brief biography or history of the Lelands and we have no doubt that their friends will join with us in wishing them continued success in their hotel career.

MR. DECKER, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Decker who has recently been elected to succeed the present able and active Chief Engineer, Harry Howard, has had a gratifying proof of how much he is esteemed by his fellow-citizens by the large majority he secured over such popular men as Cregier and Carson. Mr. Decker, who was Assistant Engineer to Harry Howard, is an active fireman, and a great advocate of the volunteer system. He is engaged in the oyster trade, and has an extensive establishment of bivalves and other eatables in Ann street. He is in the prime of life, and we wish him many years of continued usefulness and honor.

LOTTERIES.

The Lotteries of

WOOD, EDDY & CO.

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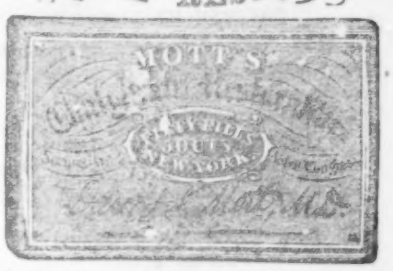

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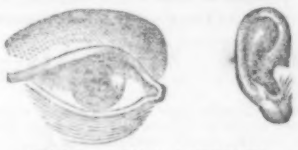

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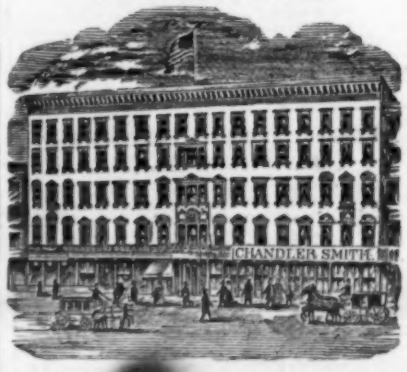

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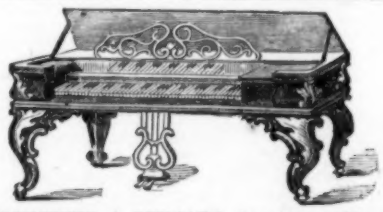

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